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EDITORIAL

DEATH OF A 'DEMON'

Once, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini confounded the world. Ten years ago, Iran's nonviolent revolution toppled a cruel garrison state. That triumph briefly gave opposition movements across the Third World a new sense of possibility and defied cold warriors in both Moscow and Washington, who had assumed the Shah's security apparatus could not be beaten. Indeed, then-national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski—like the Chinese hard-liners of today—wanted the Iranian military to stage a coup, no matter how many might be killed.

But in the end, the only deliverance Khomeini brought his country was freedom from foreign interference in its internal affairs. Rather than any radical reordering of Iranian society, he and his cadres sought restoration of the Islamic community that existed in the seventh-century dominion of the Prophet Mohammed and Imam Ali, the founder of Shiism. But while Islam as a cultural and legal system may present an alternative means of ordering social relations, there is no consensus in Iran as to what an Islamic foreign policy or economy might be. Khomeini's death leaves in place a government as brutal and autocratic, a bureaucracy even more bloated and a cult of personality more widespread than anything under the Shah. Whoever succeeds him will have immense difficulties with that legacy.

And what will we do now that our favorite demon is gone? For a time—at least until the Iran/*contra* scandal broke—it appeared that anti-Khomeinism had surpassed anticommunism as the handiest justification for American power projections. But politics abhors a vacuum. The American pantheon of international "devils" is well stocked—from Qaddafi to Noriega to drug kingpins and Japanese investors. No doubt we'll be seeing more of them all.

CHINA
The Editors & Tariq Ali

OXYMORONS
Edward Sorel

SOLIDARITY'S TRIUMPH
Daniel Singer

THE SOUTHERN CONE'S FADING SOCIALISM
Peter Winn

ROSARIO CASTELLANOS
Dan Bellm

CELIBIDACHE'S MUSIC-MAKING
Edward W. Said

U.S. v. OLIVER NORTH

DEREGULATING POLITICAL MURDER

PAUL SAVOY

Once crime was as solitary as a cry of protest; now it is as universal as science. Yesterday it was put on trial; today it determines the law.

—Albert Camus

The conviction of Oliver North on three felony charges relating to his role in the Iran/*contra* affair provided what chief prosecutor John Keker called a vindication of "the principle that no man is above the law." Aside from that lesson, however, the verdict's message is not entirely clear. The jury acquitted North of all but one of the most serious charges of lying to Congress and to the Attorney General. Apparently the jurors felt that the case was about fairness and refused to hold North responsible for his other acts of deception because they were performed on the instructions of his immediate superiors and with the approval of former President Ronald Reagan. Critics of the Reagan Administration's involvement with Iran and the *contras* have said that the political and moral lessons are about the subversion of the Constitution, about the threat to the democratic process, about deception and secrecy in government, about the privatization of foreign policy. Indeed, every conceivable civic lesson has been drawn from virtually every aspect of the affair, except the most important, the most egregious and, apparently, the least obvious.

One always risks appearing simple-minded in trying to make a dent in the conventional wisdom, but surely some lesson

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LETTERS.

FOR BREAD AND ROSES

Princeton, N.J.

It is troubling to hear Christopher Hitchens, the socialist, echoing not only the sentiments of the Pope but the opinions of the most callow male undergraduates I encounter ["Minority Report," April 24].

Hitchens tries to distance himself from the conservatives he sees as "cheapening" the "pro-life" issue. But antifeminism also has its left-wing sources. Against the narcissistic, presumably bourgeois feminists who support the pro-choice movement, Hitchens pits the Working-Class Woman, whom he sees as filling the ranks of right-to-lifeism. This rhetorical figure, with her supposed sense of family values, feminine self-sacrifice, class solidarity and now—in Hitchens's account—of fetal babyhood, has been a beloved fantasy of conservative socialists and trade unionists since the nineteenth century. Hitchens never bothers to check his own fantasies about the women he claims to have met in antiabortion organizations against a more complex reality: If Catholic and fundamentalist women support "pro-lifeism," hundreds of thousands of other working-class women seek and use the right to abortion. If he were investigating a massive right-wing movement for the open shop, heavily financed by the Catholic Church, would he be so quick to attribute the views of its members to the working-class masses? Two-thirds of women obtaining abortions in the United States have family incomes below $24,000. Just who does Hitchens think they are, if not working-class women?

Historically, working-class women, just like their middle-class counterparts, have sought abortions in great numbers and, in the period of illegality, at great peril to themselves. As for the reverence for the "unborn child" that Hitchens implies is a distinct class tradition, the evidence before the twentieth century, and before the onset of the concerted crusade of the Catholic Church against abortion and contraception, indicates that working-class women felt no deep ambivalence about abortion, nor did they support any ethic of babyhood-from-conception. They feared the medical procedure but had no qualms about escaping the unwanted pregnancies. Women in the United States today continue, implicitly, to observe the traditional boundary between what one could call "being" and "babyhood" as the point when they feel the fetus move, or "quicken," at eighteen to twenty weeks. Less than 5 percent of abortions occur after the sixteenth week of pregnancy.

Hitchens, however, seems uninterested in examining hundreds of years of female experience or in analyzing distinctions that might be critical to his views. To him, materialist philosophy—presumably Marxism?—makes it obvious that a mass of tissue, apparently from the moment of conception, is a child, if an unborn one. Yet this "fact" has never been obvious to the people who are, after all, materially closest to the awakening of life, i.e., women. Even for a self-styled materialist, might not a theory of humanity begin with an examination of the grounding of consciousness? Against Hitchens's smug and crude biological reductionism, I'll take Rosalind Petchesky's brilliant exploration (in *Abortion and Woman's Right)* of the dialectic of personhood, the coming-into-being of the fetus through its own growth and movements in utero, its growing responsiveness and its mother's consciousness of it as a distinct being.

Finally, it's big of Hitchens, concerned as he is with *communitas*, to let rape and incest victims off the hook. But illogical. If abortion is murder, why shouldn't they, too, put in their nine months for the National Adoption Service? The difference seems to lie in coerced versus consensual sex. Any female, girl or woman, who enters into sex voluntarily must bear the consequences. Women as victims deserve, in Hitchens's program, sympathy and empathic public policy; women as actors, in search of pleasure, good times, love or intimacy deserve regulation.

Women need abortions and seek them for a multitude of reasons. These days, after fifteen years of inundation by conservative propaganda, they do so with a range of feelings, from sorrow to regret to fear to a simple longing for relief. What they hold in common is, at the least, a wish to be free of biological necessity and, at the most, a vision of a larger life for themselves—the desires that left-wing feminists have long encapsulated in the slogan "bread and roses." It is disgraceful that a socialist—and in the name of socialism, no less—sees fit to caricature these longings rather than to honor them.

Christine Stansell

THIS WON'T HURT A BIT

Olympia, Wash.

Since Christopher Hitchens is so concerned about the issue of abortion, I (meaning society) would like to propose to men this "historic compromise."

"We," contrary to popular opinion, don't *want* to have abortions. It's not "our" idea of a good time. "We" also understand that not only are the most widely used methods of birth control (the pill, diaphragm, condoms, I.U.D.) not 100 percent effective, they are often inconvenient and downright dangerous. "We" don't like what we hear about medical studies linking high blood pressure and certain types of cancer to the pill, nor did we like losing our sisters to the corporate greed of A.H. Robins and Company in the Dalkon Shield episode. Nor are we comfortable with a return to the deadly practice of back-alley and coat-hanger abortions that a reversal of *Roe v. Wade* would precipitate. "We" feel that placing the responsibility for birth control, and consequently the result of failed birth control, on women is patently unfair. "We" want to define this as a social problem. In return:

(1) Vasectomies will be available free under a National Health Service. They will be compulsory for all males at the beginning of puberty. Prior to his vasectomy, any male may make a donation to the National Sperm Bank. Since each ejaculation contains millions of sperm, this will insure that there will be plenty of those squiggly things around to provide "candidate members of the next generation."

(2) At the time of his vasectomy, a male will receive a "V number" and a "V card," without which he won't be able to get a job, collect unemployment, receive medical treatment, etc. If any man is found without his V card, he will be subject to immediate imprisonment. He will be released only after the necessary operation has been performed.

(3) Of course, abortion will remain legal. However, if a woman becomes pregnant against her will and can identify the father, he will be arrested, vasectomized and made to perform extensive community service in the free day care centers for working parents.

(4) Prenatal care, postnatal care, nutrition advice, etc. will be available and free, as will all health care to all people, just as it should be.

On these conditions it would be possible to end the monologue of the sexists who cry, "not *my* problem." It is a pity that instead of taking this course, the majority of Hitchensists and their allies have stuck to the dead ground of "He Millennia" one-sided pseudo-solutions, reflecting an ideology that has more in common with the prehistoric practice of dragging women around by their hair than it does with the reality of women's lives.

Celia Ward

SELECTIVE MEMORY

New York City

Women did not have to wait for the "me generation" to hear men like Christopher Hitchens calling them selfish for imagining they could control their own reproductive capacities. Nineteenth-century eugenicists portrayed WASP women as shirking the duties of motherhood. Teddy Roosevelt in 1903 accused women of endangering the race by their "desire to be 'independent'—that is, to live one's life purely according to one's own desires" and ignoring the needs of "the race." There is one political view that unites most men—that women should "remember the children!" As if we were the ones who forget them.

Temma Kaplan

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EDITORIALS.

The Warlords

What grows out of the barrel of a gun, to paraphrase Mao Zedong, is not necessarily political power. It may be nothing more than the temporary illusion of power, a brief interlude of trauma and sorrow that allows China's rulers, walled away in their secret compounds, to tell themselves that order has been restored. Instead, it is chaos, even civil war, that may be the sequel to the slaughter in Tiananmen Square.

"The troops were ordered to move into Beijing to maintain law and order, and they were absolutely not aimed at the students," Chinese President Yang Shangkun told his comrades of the Central Military Commission on May 24, soon after the declaration of martial law. "If you do not believe this, just see what happens in the next few days." China, and the world, had to wait only until the terrible night of June 4 to see what happened.

The use of the People's Liberation Army against the innocent and the unarmed is reminiscent of the Kuomintang regime; readers of Andre Malraux's *Man's Fate* will not

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find the situation especially unfamiliar. Yang, it might be thought, would remember the meaning of those days. Now 82, he was one of the original "28 Bolsheviks" who seized control of the Chinese Communist Party in 1931. But Yang is now the virtual warlord of the 27th Army, summoned from the fastnesses of Inner Mongolia to do the party's dirty work in Tiananmen Square, and it was his nephew, Yang She, who commanded the massacre.

It is instructive to read the words of this fatuous and, in the end, murderous old man as he ranted to his military colleagues about bourgeois liberalization and spiritual pollution and antiparty cliques, and slandered the students as agents of John Foster Dulles, who prophesied that socialism would inevitably crumble. Yang's every word was laden with fear: fear of any show of political dissent or pluralism, fear of the specter of the Cultural Revolution and all its chaos lurking behind every student in a Lacoste sport shirt.

Deng Xiaoping himself, in the days before he dropped from sight, spoke of the students in similar terms. As he argued the case for a hard line, Deng spoke querulously of the need to pursue China's "four modernizations." These were originally Zhou Enlai's idea. If China is to become a modern power, he said, it must jettison the philosophy of "red over expert" and instead "seek truth from facts" to make progress in industry, agriculture, science and technology, and defense. Under Deng, China has indeed modernized, with a headlong importation of Western capital, technology and marketplace values. But Deng has utterly scorned the fifth and most important modernization—democracy, the students' principal demand.

"I told Bush," Deng went on, "if China allows demonstrations with so many people in such a big country, how can we talk of stability?" Bush's reply is not recorded, but he may well have been sympathetic to an old friend's predicament, no matter what unctuous words in defense of Chinese democracy may now be read from the President's lips.

Under intense Congressional pressure, Bush has been persuaded to suspend arms sales to China. The size of military transactions in the pipeline—some $625 million—gives a hint of how eager a part the United States has played in China's four modernizations. As a strategic ally against the Evil Empire—even in the age of Gorbachev—Deng Xiaoping's China has proved invaluable.

The Chinese-Soviet border area houses important espionage facilities—"listening posts," in the jargon—aimed at Soviet missile sites. The C.I.A. has trained their Chinese technicians. Deng's China, often working as a strategic consort of the United States, has become the world's sixth largest arms exporter. It has helped Pakistan with its secret nuclear weapons program; been largely responsible for the proliferation of ballistic missiles in the Middle East through its sales to Syria, Iran and Saudi Arabia; and worked hand in glove with the Reagan Administration to arm Unita in Angola, the Nicaraguan *contras* and the Afghan mujahedeen. And Deng has single-handedly kept the murderous breath of the Khmer Rouge on the necks of Cambodians.

The United States has trained China's military officers, modernized its artillery factories and radar systems and engaged in joint nuclear power programs beneficial to the U.S. investors who have flooded into the country under Deng's open-door policy. Other Western salesmen have played their part too: The ultramodern T-69 tanks that crushed the Tiananmen Square demonstrators were equipped with Israeli guns and laser scopes; the Gazelle helicopters that buzzed the square, the latest playthings of an elite army unit, came from France. But it is U.S. weapons sales that have been the crucial enticement to the Chinese military caste as it pursued the fetishes of modernization and "professionalization." It is the likes of the old Stalinist Yang Shangkun who have benefited most, and it was the gleaming equipment of the 27th Army as it swept into Beijing that epitomized the transformation of a force that, to quote Mao again, once swam among the people like fish in the sea.

While it is always morally appropriate to name the accomplices as well as the immediate perpetrators of great crimes, the point of listing all these international connections is not to deflect attention from the vicious old men of China's Politburo. It is to convey the consonance of modern national security states and their obsessions. Under Deng, in the name of modernization, China has become such a state. As much as China's Hilton Hotels and its newly opened stock exchanges and the huge Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet right on Tiananmen Square, the high-tech weaponry and the covert aid and the global power projection were understood by Deng, as by his U.S. and Soviet counterparts, to be the tokens of a modern society.

But those values are under siege all over the world. If there is any comfort to be drawn from the carnage in Beijing, it is in the future that the students looked toward, in the moral superiority that they indelibly displayed over a crumbling system. As they stood in Tiananmen Square, arms interlocked, singing "The Internationale" as the tanks advanced on them, the Chinese students were crying anathema not at socialism, as our clever pundits would have us believe, but at all the perverted bureaucracies that demand the sacrifice of political freedom on the altar of national security.

Cortege to Hell

The frightened old man in his hospital bed,
Haunted by the thought of his own demise
Has ordered the murder of several thousand citizens.
He imagines that this might prolong his own life;
And in a country where there are a billion souls
A million more or less will soon be forgotten;
Or so he thinks,
The frightened old man in his hospital bed,
Trying desperately to banish his fear.
As he dreams of the successes of market Stalinism
And the glorious days when *Time* made him
Man of the Year.
Outside, the stench of death pervades the square
As the corpses multiply;
He is still not satisfied.

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More hides need to be flayed off
The tortured body of the Revolution,
More heads are needed
For his scrapheap of skulls.
He remembers with affection
The Khmer Rouge
But still they are not frightened.
Still they keep pouring out.
And still they sing "The Internationale."
He hears them now,
Their voices hoarse but clear:
"Frightened old man, in your hospital bed
Why are you still alive?
We wish you were dead!
Frightened of going on your own?
All alone?
Is that why we must die?
To accompany your cortege to Hell.
But old man, you are mistaken.
The people you have murdered
Will not go with you;
They are traveling in the other direction,
And one of them has left you a message,
Scrawled in his own blood
And this is what it said:
'He won't go alone,
The Politburo of assassins will be at his side
And Li Peng will be at their head.'"

TARIQ ALI

Tariq Ali's latest book is Revolution From Above: Where Is the Soviet Union Going? *(Century Hutchinson and Verso).*

Old China Hands

As Westerners strive to make sense of the cataclysmic happenings in China, we mourn the recent deaths of two old-time *Nation* contributors: Owen Lattimore and O. Edmund Clubb, both of whom over the years did so much to interpret the meaning of events in East Asia for our readers.

Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*'s editor during most of those years, once calculated that in the 1950s alone the magazine published some seventy articles and editorials pointing out the fallacies, misconceptions and false assumptions in this country's disastrous China policy. Lattimore and Clubb, along with the late Edgar Snow, were prominent among those who regularly countered the demagogic propaganda of the Chinese nationalists and the China lobby.

For their labors, both of these principled scholars ran afoul of, but ultimately triumphed over, Senator Joseph McCarthy and his Congressional interrogations. Lattimore, who had edited *Pacific Affairs*, the journal of the Institute of Pacific Relations, was falsely named by McCarthy as "the top Soviet espionage agent in the United States" and was indicted for perjury before he vindicated himself on both charges. And Clubb, who had served for more than two decades in the Foreign Service and was the last American diplomat in Beijing after the Communists came to power, was suspended as a security risk and stigmatized as having been among those who "lost China," despite being officially cleared.

Both went on to distinguished careers as teachers and lecturers—Lattimore specializing in the history and institutions of the Central Asian nomads on the Chinese-Soviet frontier, and Clubb becoming one of the earliest and most consistent and articulate critics of U.S. involvement in Vietnam, which he regarded from the beginning as a political, not a military struggle, a distinction lost on the policy-makers in Washington. "Blinded by this error, the United States tried to dominate and suppress the Indochinese revolutionaries—and failed ingloriously," he observed in *The Nation* on the occasion of the cease-fire announcement in 1973. One ponders how much the failure of our so-called China experts in the academy, the government and the media to anticipate the underlying rage, restlessness and bitterness of today's Chinese masses is due to the purging of the generation of China specialists epitomized by Lattimore and Clubb.

Looking back on Chinese aggression against Vietnam, O. Edmund Clubb once wrote that the Chinese had "committed a blunder that Mao Zedong was fond of attributing to his enemies: 'they have dropped a stone on their own foot.'" We regret that neither of these courageous and insightful men is around to analyze this week's avalanche.

Golden State

Good news from California:

In the fifteen years since the Rancho Seco nuclear generating station began operation in Sacramento County, it has been plagued by bad management and some 100 unplanned shutdowns, more than twice the national average. Moreover, in the past four years, ratepayers have seen their electric bills rise 70 percent to fund these failures. On June 6 citizens melted down the facility, voting 111,867 to 97,460 to close Rancho Seco for good. It was the first such permanent shutdown and sent a strong message to the nuclear power industry, which last year poured $1.5 million into the campaign to keep the plant going.

For months now, Whittle Communications has been trying to seduce public schools across the land with $50,000 worth of free television equipment. In exchange, the schools must agree to show students *Channel One*, Whittle's twelve-minute satellite "news" program, which comes complete with slick pitches for blue jeans, candy bars and assorted other products. California Superintendent of Public Instruction Bill Honig calls Whittle's scheme "forced viewing of commercials," and thus considers it illegal under state law because it is not an educational activity. He says he will slice funding for any school that cuts a deal with Whittle. The company vows to keep after other states, but already counsel to New York's Board of Regents, scheduled to rule on *Channel One* on June 16, has suggested that the program may violate the state Constitution.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

They All Dead Did Lie

Los Angeles

Think globally, act locally. I've always liked that slogan. So do the L.A. County Sheriff's deputies in Lancaster, a metasyncrisis of Los Angeles on the edge of the Mojave Desert. Bereft of the tanks of the 27th Army of the P.L.A., they nonetheless do their best. When a schizophrenic black woman called Betty Jean Aborn threatened seven of these deputies with a knife, they drew their weapons and discharged twenty-eight shots, of which eighteen found their mark, killing her. This happened in Carl's Jr. fast-food restaurant, where they were about to question the victim about theft of ice cream from a nearby store. Aborn was homeless and lost her Social Security benefits in August 1988. She was the third "minority" person killed by Lancaster deputies in recent months.

Think globally, react locally. The Chinese students got to hang out in Tiananmen Square for a few weeks before the farmers' boys shot them down, crushed them under the tank tracks. Bums in L.A. get hounded by the sheriff's deputies from the start, rousted, pushed along till they go along. Most of the time they don't get shot, unless they make some mistake, like Marcus Donel. No bum, he was parking his car in his driveway in South-Central as the police searched for a suspect, described as a Mexican of slight build. Donel was a black American of medium build and was rash enough to tell the deputies to piss off when they told him to put his hands up. They blew him away. Later a spokesperson for the sheriff's department said that even if he didn't commit the robbery, "he probably shouldn't have been doing what he was doing," viz., parking his car in his own driveway.

Those wielding state power are always on the lip of psychosis. On October 2, 1968, the Mexican government told the army to shoot down demonstrating students in the Plaza de Tlatelolco. Later, after the hoses had washed the blood away, the army said thirty-two had died. Reporters reckoned about 300 dead. Some in the Mexican left still put the carnage at around 2,000.

With his friends at FEMA, Oliver North planned to throw thousands of Americans in concentration camps if the United States invaded Nicaragua. God knows what North was on the lip of. A journalist visited North's Pentecostal church in the Washington suburbs not so long ago, hoping to catch a glimpse of North in executive session with the One and Only. A man slid into the pew beside him: North. When it came to the bit where they all speak in tongues North clung to him, roaring unintelligibly into his face.

Most of the time in Western bourgeois democracies, the state doesn't have to take the gloves off, internally. And if it does it's thought of as an unfortunate exception or mistake, as with Betty Jean Aborn, or as business as usual. As the high-rises soar in downtown L.A. and the bulldozers start clearing Temple-Beaudry and Westlake on the west bank of the Harbor Freeway, some 20,000 to 30,000 poor people—most of them refugees from Central America—will be evicted. No deaths from tank tracks, just displaced lives already blighted, deaths from stress, premature birth, nonexistent health care, crack culture. The last public housing here went up during the Korean War, before Norman Chandler's *Los Angeles Times* lobbied for a law that any public housing must be approved by a majority of the citizenry.

Against Orientalism

React globally, enact globally. As the P.L.A. carted off the dead bodies, Steve Solarz told reporters that "if we appear to be indifferent or insensitive to the human rights of one-fifth of the human race, then I think it'll be very difficult for us to plausibly contend that we are in favor of democracy and human rights all over the world." Nice of the Congressman to put it that way. He and his fellow House Democrats approve the dispatch of dollars to men in El Salvador who make those killers in Beijing look like pikers.

The Chinese have a way to go before they catch up with the 60,000 murdered under U.S. auspices in El Salvador. Alfredo Cristiani was sworn in as President on June 1, with Senator Richard Lugar in attendance as the massed ranks of Arena faithful roared a greeting to d'Aubuisson, who in turn greeted the national anthem with what Kenneth Freed of the *Los Angeles Times* described frankly as "the neofascist salute of his party."*

In his inaugural Cristiani called for reform of the system to "reduce the role of the state to an absolute minimum." In practice this means abandoning even the semblance of the pretense that the Salvadoran state is anything other than the executing committee of the oligarchs now eager for "total war" and confident that Congress will send the dollars down whatever happens.

Think locally, act locally. Cristiani is a millionaire coffee grower married to a millionaire coffee grower's daughter. His is the class the death squads are defending. Near the end of last month the Environmental Project on Central America released its "green paper," "El Salvador: Ecology of Conflict" at a press conference in Washington, D.C., at which it was joined by Friends of the Earth, Greenpeace USA and other environmental groups in calling for an end to military aid to El Salvador.

"Ecology of Conflict," written by Daniel Faber and Bill Hall, pulls it all together: the class structure, superexploitation, bombing and corporate pillage that have made El Salvador the prime ecological horror story of the Americas. More than 95 percent of the country's deciduous trees are gone, with 50 percent of the country in pasture for cattle exports while "the average Salvadoran eats less meat than the average North American house cat." Only one in ten

*This is no longer the *Times* as Norman Chandler knew and ran it. The paper's lead editorial on June 3 deplored the dispatch of "about $1.5 million a day to a [Salvadoran] government run by men described by some U.S. officials as neo-Nazis." Still, some things never change. In this same editorial section could be found Henry Kissinger, thinking globally as usual and urging understanding for his old pal, Deng Xiaoping. H.K. must have been writing these words just as the Deng leadership was ordering the P.L.A. to let fly.

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Salvadorans has access to safe drinking water. The coffee processing plants that have swollen the bank accounts of Cristiani and his father-in-law "spew boron, chloride, and arsenic contaminated wastewater into rivers and streams." To boost crop yields the cotton magnates drench the Pacific coastal plains in poison, which leaches into the Pacific mangroves, killing them off and with them the shrimp and fish that were among El Salvador's most important export earners.

El Salvador, as this excellent, damning green paper makes clear, is a country being physically destroyed by the greed of an exploiting class, and by the violence required to keep that class in power. So, Congressman Solarz, why don't you read carefully your copy of the green paper (five copies for $2.50, or fifty for $15 from EPOCA, Earth Island Institute, 300 Broadway #28, San Francisco, CA 94133, 415-788-3666) and ask yourself whether voting $1.5 million a day to neo-Nazis represents a certain indifference, insensitivity even, to the human rights of millions.

The Morals of Our Own Backyard

Think historically, remember globally. While diplomats in the U.S. Permanent Mission in Beijing were giving running phone commentaries to U.S. journalists on the shooting in the Beijing streets, one of their colleagues listened to the outrage of Brazilians at the idea of his becoming their new U.S. Ambassador. This is Richard Melton, head of the Central America desk under Elliott Abrams; then Ambassador to Nicaragua, before being expelled last year by the Nicaraguan government for unbecoming diplomatic activity, summed up in his famous remark to a visiting U.S. delegation that "the people here are amazingly friendly, when you figure we're here to overthrow their government."

Ricardo Zarattini, an aide to Brazilian congresswoman Moema São Thiago, saw Melton's picture in the papers and remembered him as the U.S. diplomat who interrogated him in Recife shortly after he had been arrested in December 1968 by the secret police. As a member of the Communist Party, Zarattini had gone to Recife to coordinate protests by rural workers. According to the State Department's biographical register, Melton was political officer in Recife from January 1968 to March 1969. Zarattini has told the Brazilian press that Melton came to question him a few days after he had been tortured. He says that the presence of foreigners in interrogation rooms was common and that Melton "saw the marks on my body." Zarattini was freed in September 1969, among those exchanged for kidnapped U.S. Ambassador Burke Elbrick.

Melton was but one of hundreds of U.S. diplomats across the subcontinent pressing the policy, established by the Kennedy regime, that sponsored dictatorship and torture in Latin America. His posting previous to Recife was the Dominican Republic in 1965, just after the U.S. invasion. The Brazilian generals who seized power in 1964 did so knowing that the Sixth Fleet stood offshore, ready to intervene. Now, as Brazil readies itself for its first democratic presidential elections in twenty-nine years, the United States proposes to send Melton back down.

Learn globally, act locally. It was the Brazilian junta, urged toward seizure of power by the Kennedy brothers and sustained in office by subsequent administrations, that inaugurated the "development" of the Amazon and the onslaught on the forest. Now members of Congress rush down to deplore the consequences. Let them travel to Oregon, where the last of the old-growth trees are being felled, with Senators Hatfield and Packwood hymning the lumber companies as they clear-cut their way across the state.

When it comes to deforestation, these senators would stand with Cristiani in urging that the state's capacity to intervene be held to a minimum lest the motions of surplus extraction be distressed. In Springfield, Oregon, a few weeks ago I saw economic "liberalization" in action while visiting members of Local 3035 of the Western Council of Industrial Workers, who have been on strike for a year, picketing their factory which makes top-quality doors.

It's an old story. The locally owned family business, Nicolai, sold out in 1986 to Morgan Products Ltd., a miniglomerate run by some financiers in Stamford, Connecticut. Last year Morgan demanded a contract forcing on the Nicolai workers a 30 percent cut in wages, benefits and seniority rights. The workers, 300 of them, struck. Nearly a year later only twenty-eight have crossed the picket line to join some 150 scab laborers. These strikers have faced the usual butchery at the hands of the N.L.R.B. and Oregon state bureaucracies. (Send strike fund donations to W.C.I.W. Local 3035, 1116 South A Street, Springfield, OR 97477.)

The president of the local is LeRoy Robinson, who'd worked at Nicolai seventeen years. Later I saw him at a barbecue on the outskirts of Eugene, organized by the Committee in Solidarity with the Central American People to raise money for victims of Hurricane Joan. While Hilde Cherry, Karl Kautsky's granddaughter, was telling me about a deforestation rally she'd just attended in Portland, I overheard LeRoy talking to Javier Castro, a Salvadoran union organizer who'd got out with his life in 1981 and ended up, courtesy of the Sanctuary movement, in Eugene.

LeRoy was telling Javier about the strike at Morgan Nicolai. Then Javier told him about his strike, at the Maidenform bra factory outside San Salvador in 1979. "We had to have the bosses inside, talking to us. The National Guard had the place surrounded, and if we hadn't had the bosses with us, they'd have killed us all." Javier explained that there have been two or three generations of labor organizers since he left; that the death squads are being very selective in whom they are killing right now—important local organizers like Maria Christina Gomez, whom he had known well and who, as I mentioned here before, was picked up by a death squad a couple of months ago, tortured with acid, then murdered. LeRoy listened closely.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ Repressive Regimes 'R' Us

The most famous toast of George Bush's career came in June 1981, when he lifted his glass to Ferdinand Marcos and proclaimed, "We love your adherence to democratic principles." Marcos's cronies no doubt remember that moment well. The day after Bush was elected, some of them, participants in a Manila-based right-wing coalition called the Union for National Action, hired a P.R. firm to represent its interests in Washington. That firm, Black, Manafort, Stone and Kelley, is the same outfit that spawned Lee Atwater and several foot soldiers in the 1988 Bush campaign. Shilling for the Marcos crowd is netting the company $900,000 plus expenses, according to Justice Department records.

Black, Manafort's accounts brim with bloodied money. One prominent client is Jonas Savimbi's Unita. Last year, when the government of Somalia began to get bad press for brutal human rights violations and faced the prospect of a cutoff in U.S. and U.N. aid, it retained the company for $450,000. More recently, Black, Manafort put its expertise at the disposal of the Kenyan government, which has curtailed press freedoms, arrested opposition figures and harassed the church. Its special police have been accused of torture by Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch.

Black, Manafort has been lobbying to protect Kenya's foreign aid package, which is widely supported in Congress. The recent release of two political prisoners will make the lobbyists' job even easier. Unavailable to challenge the Capitol Hill presentations of Black, Manafort is Mirugi Kariuki, a 37-year-old lawyer arrested in 1986 without charge and detained ever since. Kariuki had his testicles crushed by a special police officer during an "interrogation" session. Since then he has been in pain and has had to refuse the surgery he needs because the government will not allow a doctor of his choice either to perform or to witness the operation, according to Human Rights Watch. Meanwhile, Black, Manafort hustles to secure the nearly $60 million in aid that helps support Kariuki's tormenters, and collects for itself $500,000 and the obligatory expenses.

■ Fighting Drugs: Is It Good for Israel?

It's always entertaining to see how loosely some members of Congress play the Israel card. Last month the House debated a clever bill that would transfer to Federal antidrug efforts all Star Wars funds in the proposed 1990 budget falling above the 1989 spending level of $3.7 billion. Masterminded by Les AuCoin and George Miller, the "Star Wars for Drug Wars" bill enraged conservatives.

In a feisty debate, conservatives quarreled with the linking of the two issues. Then Newt Gingrich and others raised a novel argument: The bill was bad for Israel. If it went through, they said, the Defense Department would have to cancel the joint U.S.-Israeli Arrow antimissile program. The American Israel Public Affairs Committee "just came out against the bill flatly," Gingrich claimed. That was a lie. Aipac is too sharp for such a blunt maneuver. As if in support of Dick Cheney's argument that cuts mandated by the bill would threaten the joint weapons system, Thomas Dine, the organization's head, wrote a letter asserting the indispensability of Arrow. But during the debate, Barney Frank and Nita Lowey called Dine and were told that Aipac had no position on the pending bill, which did not place conditions on how S.D.I. funds could be spent. If Cheney wanted to build the Arrow, he still could. The money would have to come from another program, but Aipac probably feels its lobbying acumen could insure that. The measure was defeated only narrowly, 213-205, which has to concern S.D.I. fans, who hope for a $4.6 billion appropriation in 1990.

■ Soft on Gorbachev

Another worry of S.D.I. supporters and hard-line anti-Soviets should be Adm. William Crowe, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Joint Chiefs, consistent doubters of Star Wars, have recommended that in negotiating with the Soviet Union, the United States no longer insist on the right to deploy an extensive S.D.I. system. And in recent Congressional testimony on Gorbachev's proposed arms cuts, Crowe made a remark suitable for use by European antinuclear activists:

> One of the scenarios we have been most worried about [is] the bolt-out-of-the-blue conventional attack on Western Europe. If [Gorbachev] carries these [reductions] out in the fashion that they have announced, that's going to disappear virtually. . . . As a practical matter I think that that bolt-out-of-the-blue conventional attack on Western Europe would go away. That's progress. That is really something.

Compare the top military man with those, such as White House press spokesman Marlin Fitzwater, who consider the Soviet leader a "drugstore cowboy"—that is, a big phony.

■ Eye of Newt

It's been some year for Newt Gingrich, the pesky Republican. It was Gingrich who first pursued House Speaker Jim Wright. Then his G.O.P. colleagues elected Gingrich minority whip. Now there is more proof of his growing influence: Gingrich's Capitol Hill residence is a Nielsen household—one of only 4,000 nationwide (about seventy-five of them in the D.C. area) used to rate the popularity, and so to determine the fates, of TV shows.

Nielsen families are selected at random and their identities are confidential. But last month we obtained a copy of a postcard sent to Gingrich by Nielsen Television Research to remind him to return his "TV diary," the weekly report that Nielsen watchers keep. What might his favorite programs be? *Morton Downey Jr.*? Perhaps reruns of *Magnum, P.I.*, starring conservative hunk Tom Selleck? "Well, it's probably just *MacNeil/Lehrer* or something like that," a Gingrich spokesperson says. At least he can make sure the set is on when he's a talk-show guest, thus sending a message to broadcasters: Give us more Newt.

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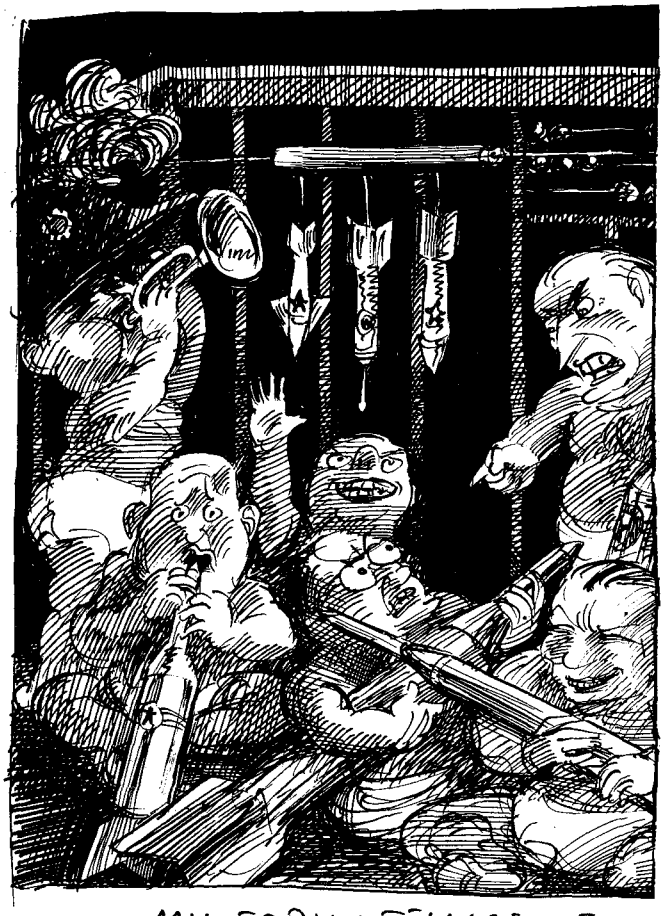
Oxymorons

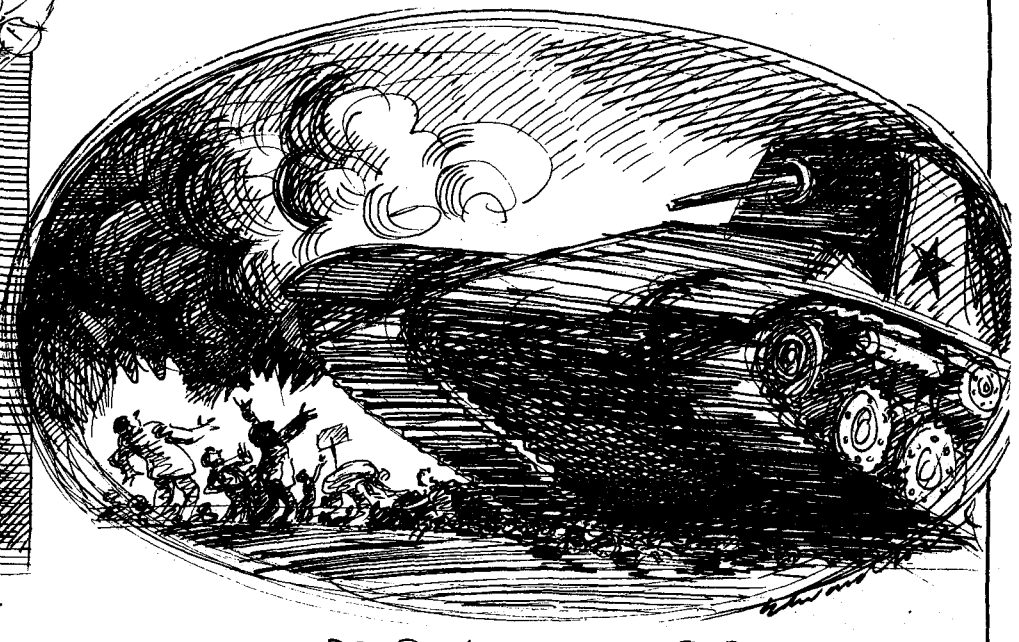
EDWARD SOREL



MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

POLITICAL INTEGRITY



PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT

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ARTICLES.

SOLIDARITY'S VICTORY

Partnership For Poland?

DANIEL SINGER

Warsaw

There was no miracle at the polls for the regime of Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski. Although the final results will be known only after the second ballot, on June 18, the popular verdict is already unmistakable. It was a landslide. Solidarity won most of its contests at the first go, and may now hope to conquer virtually all the 100 seats in the Senate as well as all 161 for which it was entitled to compete in the lower house, or Sejm. The ruling coalition will not even get all the remaining 299 Sejm seats since, despite Lech Walesa's last-minute hint not to do so, Polish voters massively crossed out the names of most of the party V.I.P.s on a special list of thirty-five who were to be elected by the nation as a whole on a single ballot. The government clearly miscalculated: Solidarity now has a veto in Parliament, and even General Jaruzelski's election as president will not be possible without its backing. The regime made a false assumption. It has not been rewarded for its recent opening; rather, it was judged and sentenced for its past performance, including its military coup.

This election was a referendum, and the defeat of the party was matched by the success of Solidarity. All its leaders were elected triumphantly, even those who did not have the blessing of the Catholic Church. (Notably, Jacek Kuron in Warsaw and Adam Michnik in Silesia won their battle for the Sejm despite the fact that on the eve of the poll, the Polish primate, Jozef Cardinal Glemp, gave an ostentatious audience to their respective right-wing Catholic rivals. Jan Jozef Lipski, whose predicament is described below, was forced into a second ballot.)

Yet, the general victory was tempered by two considerations. First, there are the 38 percent of Polish voters who stayed at home, a higher proportion of abstentions than was recorded in the 1987 referendum, when Solidarity called for a boycott. This is a reminder for Lech Walesa and his friends that for most of their compatriots, after more than seven lean years, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The second problem springs from the very size of the success. Solidarity is driven by the logic of Poland's historic compromise to fill the political void. Will it now accept the offer to enter the government or at least to join the ruling coalition as some kind of critical partner?

Poland is setting a precedent for the transition in Eastern Europe—in rather special circumstances. The following brief extracts from my electoral diary try to stress the contradictions, hopes and dangers contained in the new situation and to look beyond the poll itself at the potential splits and realignments in this apprenticeship of democracy.

Changing Moods. In the Saxon Gardens in the heart of Warsaw, the chestnut trees were blooming beautifully in the mid-May sunshine. In their shadow, the new national headquarters of Solidarity, a dignified but rather decrepit building that served as a bank before the war, was full of electoral bustle. Throughout the country, posters large and small, on trams and buses, on walls and shop windows, always with a picture or a signature of Walesa, urged the electorate to vote for Solidarity. What was criminal a few weeks before had become perfectly legal.

Clearly this was history in the making. Yet just as obviously, people had no sense of a great occasion. The mood was very different from the almost unanimous euphoria of 1980, when the strikers of Gdansk first won the right to form free trade unions. Some even thought that the result of the June 4 vote might be very close.

Within a few days the forecasts altered altogether, and the prospect of a landslide raised questions about strategy and the very nature of the historic compromise. If Solidarity told its supporters to vote against all party candidates without distinction, it might find itself in Parliament without its negotiating partners. But if it urged its electorate to back some "reformers," it would be seen to be moving toward an open alliance with the Communist Party. Though hesitant and divided, the leadership of Solidarity opted for a compromise. On the eve of the election, Walesa said publicly on television that he would vote for the national list.

A Fabian in Warsaw. Zoliborz is a vast district in the north of Warsaw, and Jacek Kuron was running there as a Solidarity candidate for the Sejm. At his first public meeting, in a theater hall designed to hold a few hundred, we were packed in like sardines. Outside, a crowd listened to loudspeakers. Kuron, at 55 a jail-hardened veteran of political struggle, was in full control. He began with a self-critical autobiography, apologizing for his early years in the party. He even disowned his "Open Letter," written in 1964 with Karol Modzelewski, because it was conceived from a Marxist point of view and he is no longer a Marxist. Yet he showed none of the zeal of the turncoat. His main argument was for a society that would gain mastery over its fate, and the foreign model he chose was Swedish social democracy, not the British Thatcherism that is "admired by the government." His fundamental plea was for reform instead of revolution—the interest being not to bring the system down but to change it gradually. The Fabian road and collaboration are chosen consciously as both the safest and ultimately the most efficient. I will hear the same refrain repeated time and again, notably by Zbigniew Bujak, the union leader of the Warsaw region. It is partly aimed at the younger generation, which, having deserted the party, is now showing diminishing enthusiasm for Solidarity, which stands accused by some young workers and students of having gone soft.

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

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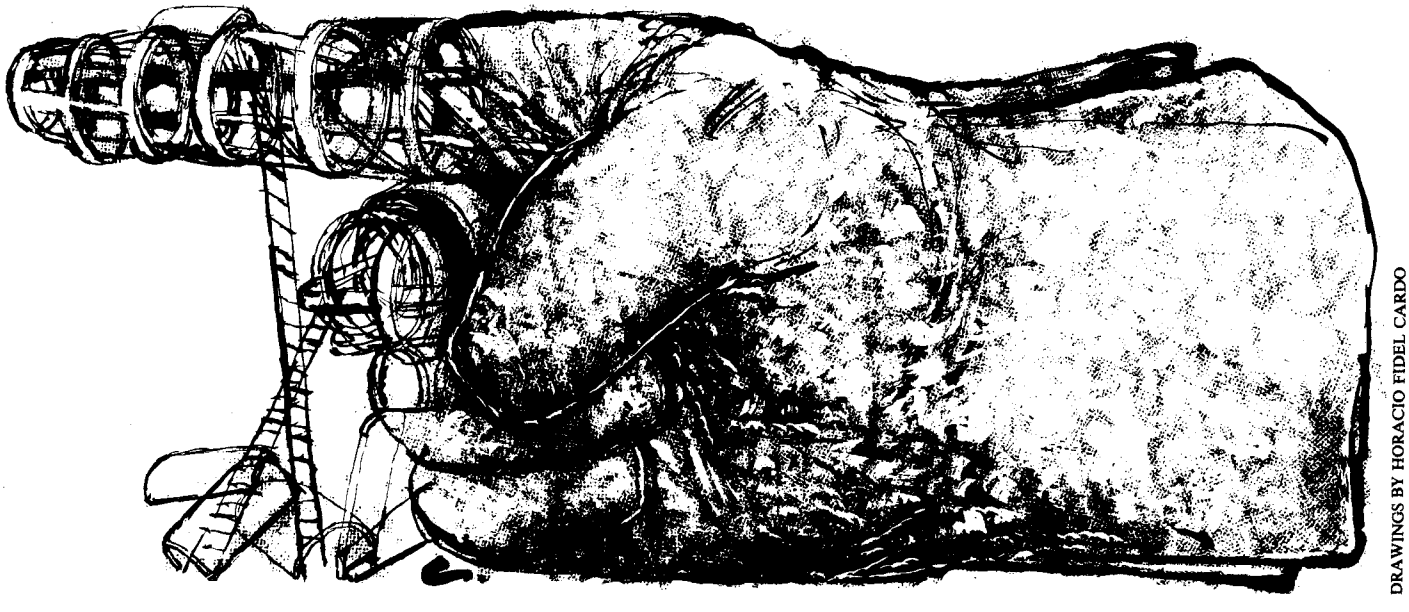
Question time in the hall brought up another awkward issue: abortion. Poland had a tough, prohibitive law under Stalin, which was liberalized in 1956. Seventy-six deputies, some of them linked with the party and others with the Catholic Church, proposed last month to make abortion a criminal offense once again. One purpose of the move was to split Solidarity. Kuron, who had a rightish Christian Democratic rival for his seat (which was reserved for nonparty candidates), was naturally asked for his views on the matter. When he said that, although not religious himself, he was personally against abortion, he was applauded by half his audience. When he then spoke about Pharisees, about men legislating for women and a law designed to hurt the poor, the other half applauded. Here Solidarity was audibly divided.

Not So Radiant in Radom. I was thinking of the growing shadow of the church over the social life of the country as I traveled to Radom by van with Jan Jozef Lipski, who was running for the Senate there. Some sixty miles to the south of Warsaw, this industrial town was in the news in 1976 because of riots that were bloodily suppressed. It was then that a handful of intellectuals set up the Committee for the Defense of the Workers, or KOR. This is one of Lipski's links with the town. The other is that he is also leader of a small socialist party, the P.P.S. (Before 1939, Radom was a stronghold of the prewar P.P.S.) It is also an open secret that such a heathen newcomer has not been particularly welcomed by the local bishop.

In the center of town, there are a few nice old houses after the usual unfinished-looking blocks of flats. But also, next to the Solidarity offices, the dirtiest of dirty lavatories, apparently the only outlet for two apartment houses, a reminder of the prewar era. The meeting itself was held in a plant that produces telephones. Over a hundred people, mostly technicians and very few women, gathered—not on the shop floor but in the large boardroom. No bread-and-butter questions, only ideological ones. When abortion cropped up, the candidate for the Sejm who is the bishop's favorite took it up. No Kuron-style balancing act for him: It's a question of Christian morality, of life and death, the works. A shiver down the spine. Lipski, whose party is not very radical ("closer to the church than to Marx") was questioned about his differences with Catholic doctrine. In response, he mentioned his belief in the existence of class struggle. He is a very honest man, though certainly not provocative. If the election had been held in Radom alone, he would have won. But with the church's influence in the vast rural areas, the outcome was uncertain at the time of my visit.

The way in which the party has waged its struggle against the labor movement in the past nine years has helped the church to tighten its stranglehold. On my arrival in Warsaw I was told that Solidarity was distancing itself from the Catholic hierarchy, that Walesa was leaning toward the "lay left." (Professor Bronislaw Geremek will certainly be the parliamentary leader; Adam Michnik is the editor of the electoral *Gazeta*; and Kuron is an influential adviser to Walesa: None of the three can be taken as representatives of the Catholic Church.) But how radical is the left and how outspokenly lay? I didn't hear a single Solidarity candidate dissociate himself publicly from the church's position on abortion. The only consolation is that the church may have overreached itself, for the nation, in which half of all pregnancies end in abortion, is divided on the issue. In the train taking me back from Radom, a Catholic working-class woman told me with passion: "I had two kids, and by that time my husband was a drunkard. To have forced me to have a third would have been criminal."

A Party in Disguise. It was not easy to follow party candidates around the hustings. Naturally enough, in its electoral campaign the governing P.Z.P.R. made full use of radio and TV and its tremendous advantage in the press. For many seats the party cleverly picked fellow-travelers with a reputation: a well-known zoo director for the Senate in Wroclaw against Modzelewski; the head of a hospital in one place, TV personalities somewhere else. Yet even in seats that were plainly reserved for the P.Z.P.R., its candidates preferred to keep their party cards in their pockets. They insisted on, say, their managerial skill rather than their political outlook.



DRAWINGS BY HORACIO FIDEL CARDO

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It took several calls to the Central Committee to get a meager list of party meetings. The one in central Warsaw was really an electoral show for television. In an artificial boxing ring stood the candidate, Grzegorz Tuderek, the smartly dressed director of Budimex, "the sixty-first building company in the world and eighth in Europe." He is a tycoon and talked like one. With him in the ring was not a rival but a compère. Only with the TV cameras safely out of the way did he face the small audience. Asked why he, a party member of long standing, was now full of praise for the American model, he assumed that the questioner—actually a man of the opposition—was a party diehard, and gave him a rhetorical reply: "What do you want, ideology or goods in the shops?" Tuderek clearly belongs to the growing managerial wing of the party.

In search of a party gathering I had to travel by a suburban railway line to Legionowo, home of a tank brigade. The fair they had sent me to see was under way, but the only political note was the posters for the party candidate that were stuck on the tents housing the various commercial stands. Otherwise, on a sunny Sunday we were offered in the open-air theater a show with poor rock singers, attractive chorus girls and quite a few comedians. I even learned a good Jewish joke. As he leaves a Chagall exhibition, a rabbi shakes his head: "The times are too hard for people to fly." (Jews may be gone in Poland, but Jewish humor lingers on.) Among the graffiti there were two I can't resist repeating. Next to a poster praising vegetarianism this small reminder: "Vegetables, too, have feelings." And the sinisterly surreal: "Paranoia is our hobby."

Seemingly United They Stand. An electoral campaign favors polarization and conceals the differences within each camp. The same party spokesman who last November had assured me that Kuron and Michnik would never sit around the negotiating table was now talking perfect social democratese. He even revealed plans for a Warsaw conference next year, to be attended by members of the French, German and Swedish social democratic parties. Yet at the same time he did not deny that the threat of General Jaruzelski's resignation had been needed to carry the day in the Central Committee, that the majority of the party was against the roundtable and that the strains might again reach the breaking point if the electoral defeat were a heavy one.

The opposition, too, is torn apart. Small groups to the right and left of Solidarity were advocating a boycott. The inner division between free marketeers and social democrats is even more explosive. And though it may now look like an electoral machine, with only a dozen workers among its candidates, Solidarity is still in essence a labor union. It is for that reason that Walesa himself, Wladyslaw Frasyniuk in Silesia and Bujak in Warsaw are not entering Parliament. Bogdan Borusewicz, president of the Gdansk region, insists more than anyone that labor is the rock on which Solidarity rests. But he also admits that the ambiguity of its economic program—the absence of choice between privatization, various forms of shareholding and self-management—reflects divisions on the subject within Solidarity.

In fact, the Communist Party is equally ambiguous and divided on this crucial issue. A clever journalist close to Prime Minister Mieczyslaw Rakowski suggested that the party is more managerial and Solidarity more *autogestionnaire*, perhaps because of its origins as a union. If it is ever tempted to forget that heritage, the official unions are there as a reminder. Alfred Miodowicz, their wiry 60-year-old leader, seemed full of beans. He denied any attempts to outbid Solidarity: In their unions and ours, he said, the rank and file are more radical than the leadership; we are keeping them in check. Will Solidarity be able to do so in a tough economic climate that shows no sign of improving?

Tea at Gesslers'. On my last day in Warsaw, I went back to the chestnuts of the Saxon Gardens. I sat in the open air at Gesslers', the posh cafe that is prohibitive for most people who earn their living in zlotys. Two women from a nearby office of public transport were sipping a fruit juice at my table. They had not been warned, and they were shattered by the bill. Three days' pay, said the elder; no, only two, said the younger. This, too, may have been an exaggeration, but it reflected their shock. We got into a conversation about income differentials East and West. The Poles are still far away from the Milken standard, but their allergy to inequality is also greater.

In the evening, on the plane taking me back to Paris, Adam Michnik developed the Fabian thesis in his elegant way. Is it possible to change systems gradually, by peaceful means? We are encouraged in our perilous venture, Michnik said, by the precedent of Franco in Spain. He was clearly puzzled by my objection that in Spain, while the political institutions may have been overwhelmed, the basic economic system was not. Yet, does Solidarity want to alter the economic foundations of society? And if so, what does it want to put in their place?

I was suddenly reminded of a small gathering at Warsaw University, addressed by a lecturer, the young leader of another, more radical splinter of the Socialist Party. I found his plea for an election boycott unconvincing, but one of his sentences stuck in my mind: "The peak of our dreams is to repeat the mistakes of others." Is there really no choice for Eastern Europeans but to move from neo-Stalinism to some form of neocapitalism? Sometimes, listening to Poles from each side speaking Thatcherese, one is tempted to paraphrase the graffito: Paranoia is their hobby. But the solution does not depend only on intellectuals. Poland may have a third way thrust upon it, both because of the potential strength of its labor movement and because of the existence of public property that will not easily be privatized. This election, while more than a beginning, is still only an episode in a pioneering process. □

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With Apologies to Aesop

Once upon a time in the ancient city of Jerusalem, three sons were born: one a Jew, one a Christian and one a Moslem. The old woman in charge of the nursery could not see well and, alas, the three babies were mixed up.

The Jew was taken to a Moslem household, the Christian to a Jewish home and the Moslem for baptism in a Christian family.

So it came to pass that when the three boys grew to manhood, there was bad blood and much hate among Jew, Christian and Moslem, so that the Jew raised as a Moslem slew the Moslem of Christian birth. The Christian, son of Islam, put to sword the Jew born of Christ, and the Moslem, sired by a Jew, strangled the Christian born of Islam.

In the name of all merciful God-Allah-Jehovah—amid great misery and loud lament—the land was drenched with blood.

Moral: Life without religion is better, much better.

—Nicholas Stephen Poluhoff

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THE SOUTHERN CONE

Socialism Fades Out of Fashion

PETER WINN

Sir Thomas More set his sixteenth-century *Utopia* in America, a New World free from the corruptions of Old England, where an ideal society might be constructed on firm foundations. The realities of the Western Hemisphere disappointed the early utopian thinkers, and their modern descendants have not fared much better. This disappointment of utopian dreams is especially poignant in the "Southern Cone" countries—Chile, Argentina and Uruguay—a region of European immigrants and pretensions, united as well by the recent defeat of promising leftist bids for political power.

It was less than two decades ago that Salvador Allende was constructing a democratic form of socialism in Chile, a society in which "only children would be privileged," via a democratic revolution without sacrifice. Across the Andes in Argentina, the Peronist faithful were awaiting the second coming of their legendary populist leader, who would return after eighteen years of exile to pursue his "revolutionary" middle way between capitalism and communism. In Uruguay, on the other side of the muddy Río de la Plata estuary, Tupamaro guerrillas played Robin Hood with dash and ingenuity, shaking that country's corrupt oligarchy and ossified politics with their egalitarian demand of "a fatherland for all." This demand was taken up by the Frente Amplio (Broad Front), a political alliance that ranged from Christian Democrat to Communist, whose initial electoral success threatened Uruguay's two-party system and whose radical program challenged its stagnant status quo. The harsh military dictatorships that seized power in all three Southern Cone countries during the mid-1970s, with business and middle-class support, revealed these projects to be as utopian as that of the martyred Thomas More. Yet, the scope, ferocity and duration of the military repression attested to their broad appeal.

Today, political democracy has been restored in Argentina and Uruguay, bringing with it the revival of leftist politics and labor unions, and a similar transition is now under way in Chile. But it is a different left that has emerged from years of harsh repression and European exile—a more pragmatic left perhaps, but also one shorn of its revolutionary message and transforming zeal. Socialism has gone out of fashion in the Southern Cone.

The explanation for this dramatic change in the political landscape is both complex and instructive. Socialism, in retreat elsewhere in the world, has ceased to inspire leftist intellectuals in the region. One reason for this is the similar trend in Western Europe, where many South American leftists spent their years in exile, a reflection of both the fading of Eurocommunist hopes and the confessed failures of state socialism in the Soviet Union, China and Eastern Europe. But the deficiencies of Cuban communism and Sandinista socialism have also taken their toll on the "revolutionary left" in the Southern Cone, including those who have observed these revolutions up close. As a result, there are no credible socialist models to emulate.

To this disillusionment with socialism has been added the seeming success of market capitalism. The prosperity and power of Western Europe has left its mark on a region that has traditionally looked to Europe for models. The emergence of a dynamic, industrialized East Asia out of the underdeveloped Third World offers an example of capitalist development that leftist theory has been unable to accommodate. Equally important has been the revival of capitalism closer to home after the crisis of the early 1980s. In Uruguay free-market capitalism has enjoyed a modest success; in Argentina it experienced fitful growth before its recent collapse under the weight of a lame-duck government, galloping inflation and soaring budget deficits. But in Chile, where the neoliberal model was imposed most consistently, five years of stable growth have generated claims of an "economic miracle" and inspired the envy of its neighbors. These claims are exaggerated, and the recent proclamation by the conservative daily *El Mercurio* that Chile is about to bid "*Adios* to Latin America" and join the Pacific rim of newly industrialized countries is misplaced. Even so, Chicago school economics and authoritarian social control have created new agricultural export industries that can compete internationally, a dynamic entrepreneurial class and steady economic growth with low inflation and increasing employment that contrast favorably with the disarray across the Andes. This economic "success" has come at a high social cost, including lowered real wages and a regressive redistribution of income, which has left almost half the population poor and a quarter indigent. But dynamism and stability in a region notorious for their absence has given the idea of capitalism an ascendancy that is particularly strong in Chile, where few Socialists still talk of socialism.

This capitalist carrot comes, of course, with a military stick, the authoritarian politics that underlie the free-market model. The military remains largely unrepentant and unpunished for its dictatorial rule and human rights abuses, with its definitions of national security and its mission intact. The armed forces have also retained a political influence and a degree of control over the terms of the transition process that suggest an enduring political presence for them, even within a formally democratic landscape. For the left, these are ominous signs.

Years of military repression have left their mark upon the left and its largely working-class supporters, teaching them the dangers of socialist dreams or revolutionary demands. This military tutelage has been internalized, its lessons learned perhaps too well. Few are ready to tempt the same

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fate again. The regressive impact of the military's social and economic policies and the loss of jobs as a result of economic modernization and capitalist crisis have been equally traumatic. As a consequence, leftist political and labor leaders are now willing to settle for far less than their pre-coup programs, while workers have lowered their sights to securing a steady job and a living wage. Economic democracy and political empowerment are now viewed as utopian, even if social pacts between capital and labor remain on the agenda.

All this has combined to produce a "social democratization" of the once-revolutionary left in the Southern Cone, a development that has been actively promoted by the Socialist International in general and Spain's Felipe González in particular. They have pressed leftist leaders (many of them in Western European exile) to adopt "more pragmatic" positions and have financed parties, unions and think tanks that reflect their social democratic politics. Although the success of these efforts has varied, and although each Southern Cone country has retained its unique political character, the ideological trend is clear.

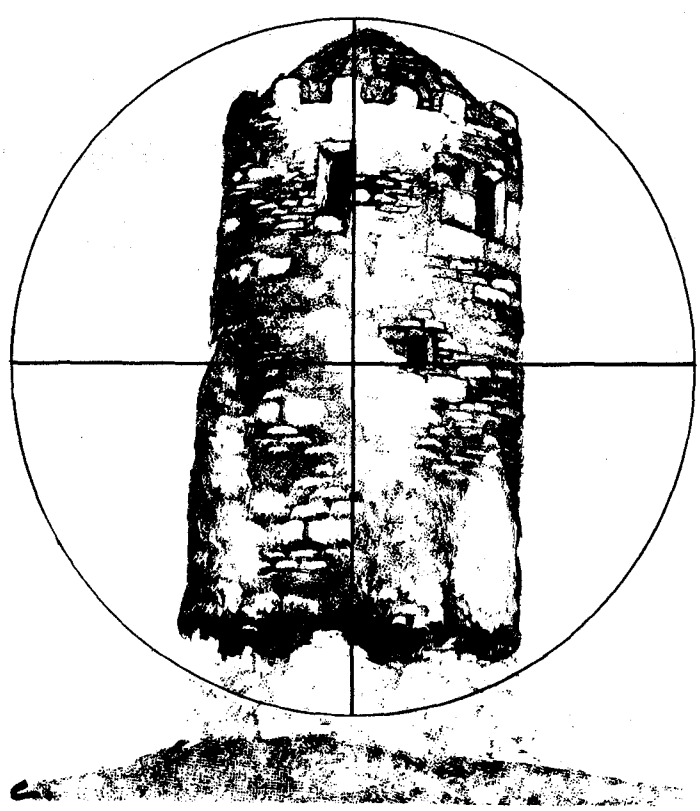
In Argentina before the 1976 military coup, Peronism held almost total sway over the working class—and the Socialists and Communists remain minor political forces today. "Revolutionary Peronism," always an ambiguous construct, retains its adherents, but most of its social support has faded into President-elect Carlos Saúl Menem's anachronistic revival of the populism of the dead *caudillo*, Juan Domingo Perón. Menem's victory in the Peronist Party primary may have reflected a blue-collar revolt against the "responsible" reformism of his rival, Antonio Cafiero. But Menem's election victory returns to power the corrupt labor bosses and rightist thugs who set an example in repression of the left from 1973 to 1976, which the military soon followed. The presence of a few former Montoneros in Menem's entourage raises more questions about the politics of those "leftist" Peronist guerrillas than it answers about Menem's own credentials.

The remnants of the other guerrilla movement of the pre-coup period, the Trotskyist E.R.P. (People's Revolutionary Army), surfaced briefly in January in an ill-fated attack on the La Tablada army barracks, which demonstrated just how out of touch the remaining Argentine revolutionary left is with its country's realities [see Martin Edwin Andersen, "Dirty Secrets of the 'Dirty War,'" *The Nation*, March 13]. As for the human rights groups that emerged as centers of resistance and alternative thinking under the dictatorship, these have survived as political lobbies but haven't the capacity to transcend their single issue or special interest.

What is striking is the weakness of the Argentine left in the face of an economic collapse and political vacuum that detonated the recent social explosion, with food riots in the major cities testifying to the desperation and rebelliousness of the working class. Although the dramatic failure of President Raúl Alfonsín's centrist Radical Civic Union to solve the country's deepening economic crisis has created an opening for more radical alternatives, there is no left with the vision, leadership and credibility to take advantage of the opportunity. As a consequence, the Peronists will dominate the political stage by default—with the military waiting in the wings.

The Uruguayan left is more vocal and visible than the Argentine, but it is equally lacking in vision and viability. The surviving Tupamaros have been given amnesty from prison and been allowed to return from exile, and many of them have re-entered political life. But it is a very different politics than they practiced two decades ago. For now, after trenchant self-criticism, the former guerrillas seem willing to give Uruguayan democracy a chance. The Tupamaros, who spawned some successful entrepreneurs while in European exile, today run the best restaurant on Montevideo's main street and imaginative social programs in the city's spreading *cantegriles* (shantytowns). They also lead a "combative tendency" among Uruguay's workers, which has been challenging an accommodationist Communist Party for control of the country's labor movement. Politically, the Tupamaros' 25th of March Party remains a tiny faction that has been unable to gain admission to the Frente Amplio alliance or attract substantial popular support.

On the surface, the Frente Amplio seemed in reasonable shape until recently, with a good chance of winning the Montevideo mayoralty, the second most important political position in Uruguay, in the November 1989 elections—had they nominated a charismatic candidate. But there's the rub. Although the populist Hugo Batalla was probably the Frente Amplio's best vote-getter, he wanted to run for president, not mayor. So did retired Gen. Liber Seregni, the coalition's standard-bearer in 1971, who paid for that indiscretion with years in prison and torture at the hands of his former military colleagues. Both felt that they had earned the right to run for president: Batalla because of his popularity,



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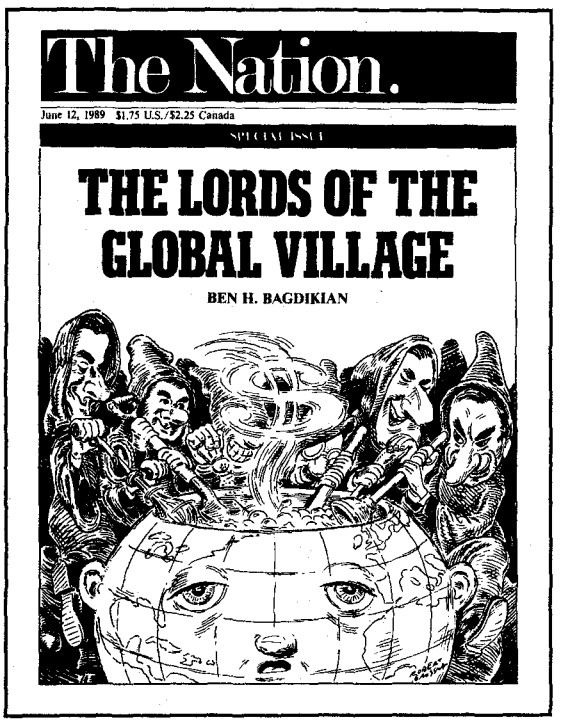

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Seregni because they owed it to him. Both had major political forces within the Frente Amplio behind them: Batalla his own faction, Seregni the Communist Party. The dispute is as much ideological as personal, and it has now divided the Frente Amplio into its social democratic and Marxist-Leninist parts.

The Frente Amplio had been altering the traditional split voting pattern of Uruguayan workers, who have long supported Communist candidates for union office but the centrist Colorados in national elections. The dissolution of the alliance, however, could provoke a reversion to former voting patterns, condemning the Communists to political marginality but at the same time consolidating their labor leadership. Whatever the outcome, the Uruguayan left seems destined either for social democracy or political irrelevance.

It was in Chile, however, where the left has traditionally been strongest, that socialism came closest to realization in the 1970s. It is in Chile, too, that armed struggle and revolutionary rhetoric seem to have survived the years of political repression. This exploded in a fury of popular resistance from 1983 to 1985 and shantytown support for the Communist guerrilla group, the Manuel Rodríguez Patriotic Front (F.P.M.R.), which tried to assassinate Gen. Augusto Pinochet in 1986. Moreover, it is in Chile that the socially regressive character of neoliberal capitalism has been exhibited most clearly and that military dictatorship and authoritarian social control have been most rigid. Thus, Chile is the left's best case in the Southern Cone and the place where its regional destiny will be decided.

At first glance, the prospects seem good. The parties of the left have survived fifteen years of repression with their organizations functioning, their constituencies intact and enough veteran leaders to provide experience and continuity. During this decade and a half, a new generation of cadres has been formed and some dynamic new leaders have emerged. Moreover, leftist parties and leaders played a major role in the successful campaign to defeat Pinochet in last October's presidential plebiscite, and are likely to form part of the center-left coalition government expected to be elected in December and take office in March 1990.

A closer look reveals a more disconcerting picture. The Socialist Party, the axis of any leftist coalition, is fragmented into factions that are grouped in rival "instrumental parties," electoral alliances registered under Pinochet's 1980 Constitution. The more dynamic and promising of the two is the P.P.D. (Party for Democracy), led by Ricardo Lagos, a charismatic economist who is one of the few Chilean politicians who knows how to use television effectively. Lagos, a social democrat who emerged as the left's rising star during the plebiscite campaign, represents that large number of Chilean leftists, many of them self-consciously "revolutionary" during the Allende era, who today see Spain's Felipe González as their hero and his defanged P.S.O.E. as their model of a "modern" Socialist Party. The other electoral alliance, PAIS, is made up of roughly the same constituent parties as Allende's Popular Unity. It is headed by Luis Maira, a talented leader of the small Christian left party. The members of PAIS range from centrists

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of the Radical Party to traditional Communists, but the core of the alliance is the Socialist Party, led by former Allende minister Clodomiro Almeyda, an intellectual with more character than charisma. The Almeyda Socialists have retained their Marxist rhetoric, Communist alliance and working-class support, but they are being wooed by the center-left and tempted by the prospect of government ministries and congressional seats. In fact, despite their talk of "completing the work of Allende," not one of the Socialist factions has socialism on its political agenda; nor would the reunified Socialist Party that they are considering re-creating. Significantly, the rhetoric of class conflict and the goal of socialism are also missing from the newly re-created national labor confederation, the CUT, which is led by Christian Democrat Manuel Bustos.

What suggests that this new look of the Chilean left is more than a passing fad is that it confirms opinion polls that show majority support for reform but only slender support for revolution. As a result, the most likely political outcome is a center-left transition government led by a conservative Christian Democrat, Patricio Aylwin, with an economic policy that will not differ markedly from that of Pinochet's "Chicago Boys." Moreover, should a Lagos-led left come to power in the future, the result would be a mild social democracy very different from Allende's democratic socialism.

Paradoxically, while Chile's Socialists were inching toward the political center, its Communists were moving left. Chile's Communist Party, denounced as "reformist" by the revolutionary left of the Allende era, abandoned its historic "Popular Front" line in 1980 in favor of armed struggle, creating a guerrilla arm at a time when no electoral solution seemed imminent. The Communists regarded last year's plebiscite as a fraud that could not be won and were ambivalent about it to the end, although at the eleventh hour the party instructed its supporters to vote against Pinochet. But despite the opposition victory, the opening of an electoral road to the restoration of democratic rule and the failure of its guerrillas to create a credible revolutionary alternative, the Communist Party affirmed its support for "all forms of struggle." This transformation of the "moderates" of the Popular Unity into the "hard-liners" of today reflects the emergence of a new generation of leaders formed in the underground struggle against a brutal dictatorship, which made the Communist Party its main target and Communist activists its preferred victims. It also reflects a reaction against an electoral line that led to this trauma and an admiration for the successful example of armed struggle in Nicaragua. Its more revolutionary line, moreover, has enabled Chile's Communist Party to build a following among the angry unemployed youth of the country's shantytowns, a social base that it is reluctant to abandon.

Yet there are now signs that the Communists too are having second thoughts, in large part out of a concern that they will become isolated politically. The issue was hotly debated in the party's recent semiclandestine congress, which revealed deep divisions over strategy and tactics. The result was an ambiguous line that retained a rhetorical commit-

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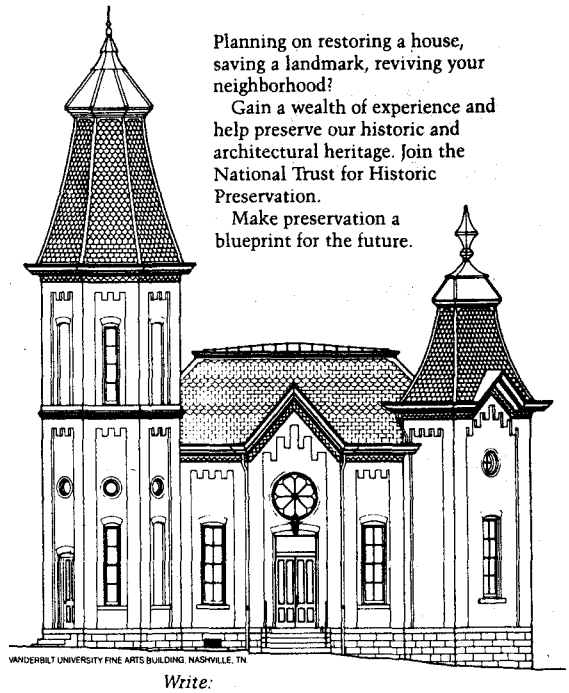

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ment to "popular rebellion" but also endorsed Aylwin's presidential candidacy and running candidates on the opposition's congressional list. These steps seem more straws in a wind that is blowing the Chilean left toward the center.

Throughout the Southern Cone, dreams of socialist revolution are giving way to the pragmatic politics of democratic reform. This new leftist politics may well be more realistic, but it leaves the left without an alternative societal project or an inspiring political vision. Only time will tell whether this "renovated" left, with its "modern" socialism, will have greater electoral appeal or, if it does, whether its election will represent anything more than a mild shift within an enlarged political center. One thing is clear: both Thomas More and Karl Marx can be forgiven for rolling over in their graves. □

Political Murder

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

can be learned from the killing of 30,000 Nicaraguans, more than half of them civilians. In single-minded devotion to a constitutionalism bereft of all but the most legalistic moral values, the independent counsel, as well as the Iran/*contra* Congressional committees, failed to address the extent to which the conduct of a covert operation in support of the *contras* constituted a conspiracy to exterminate human life. The obsession of the House and Senate committees with condemning individuals engaged in a mass murder conspiracy because they acted in a private capacity, "outside the normal framework of government," confirms Freud's grim observation that "the state has forbidden to the individual the practice of wrongdoing, not because it desires to abolish it, but because it desires to monopolize it."

At a time when the brutal rape and beating of a young woman in Central Park by a teen-age gang is causing national soul-searching about wanton terrorism in U.S. cities, it seems appropriate to undertake a study in comparative criminology and reflect on a few facts about *contra* attacks in Central America.

Consider this summary of the testimony of Father James Feltz, a U.S. citizen and the parish priest of a remote mountainous region in the Nicaraguan province of Zelaya, recounting a *contra* attack on the township of El Guayabo:

> Nine people were killed. A 14-year-old girl was raped repeatedly and then decapitated. Three women were forced to lie in the mud while the *contras* took shots at them, killing one and wounding another. A woman was raped. Cristina Borge, a 10-year-old, witnessed the killing of two uncles and another woman and was used as target practice; she received four bullet wounds before being left for dead (miraculously, she survived). Four houses were burned.

Inocente Peralta, a lay pastor, went out looking for seven people taken in an attack on a Jinotega cooperative in April 1984. He describes the condition in which their bodies were found:

> We found [Juan Perez] assassinated in the mountains. They had tied his hands behind his back. They hung him on a wire fence. They opened up his throat and took out his tongue. Another bayonet had gone in through his stomach and come out his back. Finally they cut off his testicles. It was horrible to see.

Maria Bustillo Viuda de Blandon related how her husband, a lay pastor, and her five children were taken from her home near El Jicaro one night in October 1982. She found them dead the next day:

> They were left all cut up. Their ears were pulled off, their throats were cut, their noses and other parts were cut off.

Carmen Gutierrez described the death of her 4-year-old daughter, Suyapa, in a June 1983 mortar attack on her border town, Teotecacinte:

> When we were all in the [bomb] shelter, my mother asked if any of the children were missing, so we called them by their names. Only Suyapa was missing. . . . Then I remembered that I had seen her playing with a hen. I went there and saw her dead. Her face was blown away but I didn't realize it, I didn't even notice the mortaring. I picked her up and ran away like mad. Then I realized that part of her face was missing. I went back to look and found the piece of her face.

These are excerpts from affidavits obtained by Reed Brody, a former New York State Assistant Attorney General, who conducted a private fact-finding mission in Nicaragua from September 1984 to January 1985 in which he interviewed 145 victims and witnesses to *contra* violence against civilians. His documentation of the atrocities, published in *Contra Terror in Nicaragua* (South End Press, 1985), was independently verified by the human rights organization Americas Watch and by an investigative team comprising Donald Fox, an attorney and member of the executive committee of the American Association for the International Commission of Jurists, and Michael Glennon, a former legal counsel to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee who is now a law professor at the University of Cincinnati. Fox and Glennon found that "the preponderance of the evidence indicates that the *contras* are committing serious abuses against civilians," including "torture, rape, kidnapping, mutilation and murder," and that the incidents in Brody's report were not isolated abuses by "renegade" *contras* but involved systematic attacks by "large numbers of *contras*, reasonably indicating the presence of commanding officers."

As the late Robert Cover of Yale Law School observed, lawyers and nonlawyers alike tend to forget the extent to which the act of legal interpretation takes place "in a field of pain and death." A political official or a judge articulates his understanding of a text such as the Boland amendment or the War Powers Act or Article II of the Constitution, and somewhere in the world people lose their lives as a result. The pain and fear is so remote, so unreal and unshared when

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experienced by anonymous individuals in distant places—particularly when they are of a different ethnic group, a different economic class, a different culture—that the suffering and death of the victims is almost never taken into account in the act of legal interpretation. That the violence that lay beyond the perimeter of the lawyers' briefs was never brought home to the North jury is evident in one juror's comment about the defendant: "He was living for the Constitution of America and to save people." Syndicated columnist Ellen Goodman's trenchant observation about the trial—that the charges that captured the moral imagination of public opinion were those that pictured North with his hand in the till—made it clear that whatever the costs of a covert operation in terms of human life, "they were less impressive to many than the source of a $3,000 payment on a private van."

The truly important ethical and legal questions that should have been asked but were not—either by independent counsel Lawrence Walsh or the Congressional committees—involved the extent of knowledge and control by North and other U.S. functionaries of the day-to-day operations of the *contras*; whether such involvement was sufficient to hold them responsible for aiding and abetting the murder of civilians; whether, aside from the atrocities committed against civilians, the killing of military personnel by U.S.-sponsored *contras* constituted unlawful acts of armed intervention for which U.S. officials could be held individually responsible; and whether former President Reagan's signature on a December 1981 finding authorizing a covert operation to support the Nicaraguan rebels—irrespective of his knowlege of the subsequent diversion of funds from the sale of arms to Iran—was sufficient to find him and other top White House officials guilty of committing crimes against the Nicaraguan people.

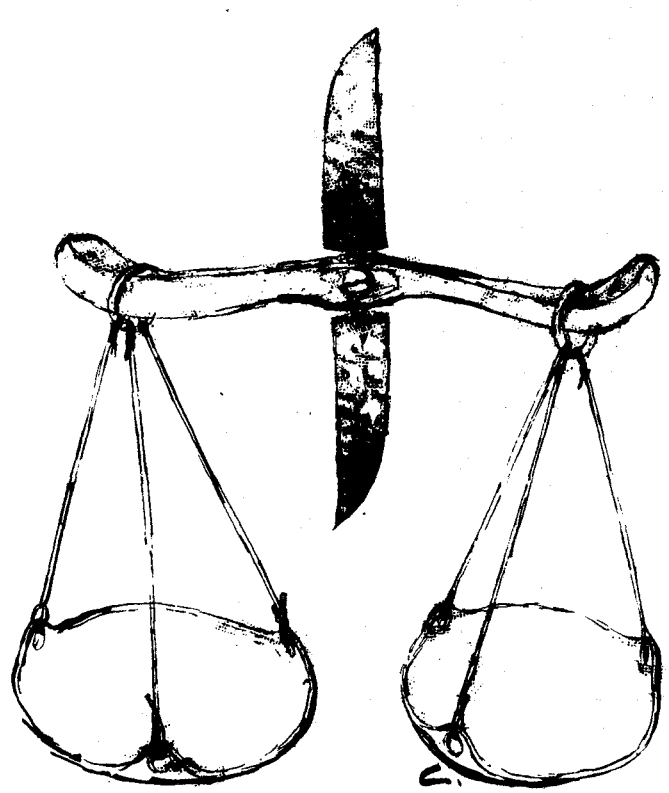
Although Walsh may have felt constrained by the terms of his judicial mandate, which limited investigation of the *contra* connection to "the diversion of the proceeds" from the sale of arms to Iran and "the provision or coordination of support" for the *contras* "since 1984," various Federal statutes were available that could have focused the prosecution on the resulting violence rather than on the deceit and venality related to the diversion of funds and support for the rebels. For example, indictments could have been filed under the Neutrality Act, which U.S. District Judge Stanley Weigel ruled in 1984 "applies to all persons, including the President," and makes it a felony if any of them "prepares a means for or furnishes the money for . . . any military or naval expedition or enterprise . . . against the territory or dominion of any foreign prince or state . . . or people with whom the United States is at peace."

"If the Iran-Contra committees had drawn the proper historical parallels," says Yale Law School Professor Harold Hongju Koh, a former attorney-adviser in the Justice Department's Office of Legal Counsel, "they would have seen that a far more important question than 'What did *this* President know and when did he know it?' is 'Why does the President almost always seem to win in foreign affairs?'" The relevant historical precedent was not Watergate but Vietnam, as well as the Central Intelligence Agency's secret war in Laos and the secret bombing of Cambodia. The elusive "smoking gun" that remains such an object of fascination for the media is not some secret memorandum or tape recording revealing the President's knowledge of certain facts but "deeper systemic flaws in the current legal structure of our foreign policymaking process," Professor Koh wrote in the June 1988 *Yale Law Journal.*

Because the wrong questions beget the wrong answers, the recommendations of the majority report of the Iran/*contra* committees—to require presidential approval and timely notice to Congress of all covert operations—simply adds one more chapter to what historian Barbara Tuchman called the "march of folly." If the killing of innocent people is immoral, illegal and unconstitutional, then it is immoral, illegal and unconstitutional whether committed overtly or covertly; whether by the President acting alone or with the consent of both houses of Congress; whether by rogue agents or by democratic majorities.

There comes a time in our moral and legal evolution as a civilized society when we are compelled to recognize that inflicting violence on other human beings because of their failure to hold "democratic elections" or otherwise conform to the "American way of life" is as reprehensible and criminal as inflicting violence on account of race or sex or religious belief. The use of armed force as an instrument of foreign policy is to international human rights today what lynching was to civil rights in another era of man's inhumanity to man, and it will take a constitutional amendment even to begin to correct it.

A National Security Amendment that would guarantee what is perhaps the most basic of all civil rights—a constitutional right to live in peace—and that would impose upon Congress and the President a judicially enforceable duty



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to refrain from the aggressive use of nuclear and conventional force, both overt and covert, might be drafted as follows:

> SECTION 1. The settlement of all international conflicts, of whatever nature or origin, shall be sought by just and peaceful means.
>
> SECTION 2. The Congress shall have exclusive power to authorize the use of armed force or the conduct of military operations in any foreign territory, provided that such power shall not be exercised in violation of international law or any treaty made under the authority of the United States.
>
> SECTION 3. Nothing in the preceding section shall prohibit the President from introducing the armed forces of the United States into hostilities without Congressional authorization for the purpose of defending against an actual armed attack upon the United States.
>
> SECTION 4. The use of nuclear weapons is prohibited except in defense against a nuclear attack upon the United States or, pursuant to a collective security treaty, in defense against a nuclear attack upon a foreign nation.
>
> SECTION 5. Any person shall have standing to enforce the provisions of this article by commencing a lawsuit in the Supreme Court, which shall have original jurisdiction to decide all cases arising under this article.
>
> SECTION 6. The Congress shall have power to define and punish violations of this article by appropriate legislation.

The proposed amendment would impose on U.S. officials a constitutional duty to obey international law and, most significantly, would enable U.S. citizens as well as foreign nationals threatened by U.S.-sponsored violence to resort to the Supreme Court to restrain the manner in which the President and Congress use military means to carry out foreign policy. The amendment would have the effect of overruling prevailing constitutional doctrine, which makes the constitutionality and international legality of the use of armed force a "political question" in the sense that it is beyond the power of courts to decide. It is this doctrine that led the Supreme Court repeatedly to refuse to adjudicate the legality of the Vietnam War. More recently, it has been responsible for the U.S. Court of Appeals dismissing suits by individual citizens and members of Congress that challenged the Reagan Administration's support of the *contras* in Nicaragua and the U.S. military assistance and presence in El Salvador.

To be sure, there are few issues of international law more complex or more controversial than the legal norms governing intervention in a civil war. However, the opinion of the World Court, finding against the United States in the case filed by Nicaragua after its harbors were mined, provides what Princeton University professor of international law Richard Falk has described as "a universal jurisprudence" of intervention in regional conflicts that avoids both "the legal hegemony of Western approaches . . . [and] Third World or Marxist viewpoints." Whatever the legality of intervention in support of a genuinely indigenous war of liberation, there is, according to the court, no "general right of intervention" for reasons connected with "the domestic policies of [Nicaragua], its ideology, the level of its armaments, or the direction of its foreign policy." Accordingly, the court found that "the support given by the United States, up to the end of September 1984, to the military and paramilitary activities of the *contras* in Nicaragua, by financial support, training, supply of weapons, intelligence and logistic support, constitutes a clear breach of the principle of non-intervention." With respect to whether the Reagan Administration was responsible for the atrocities committed by the *contras* against civilians, the court stated that it had "insufficient evidence to reach a finding on this point," noting that it remained to be proved whether U.S. officials exercised "effective control" over the *contra* forces.

Sounding a warning about the nuclear threat posed by a more activist U.S. posture in the Third World, Michael Klare, director of peace and world security studies at Hampshire College, has suggested that "if we ever do suffer a nuclear war, it will probably occur because of U.S. intervention in a small war, a low-intensity conflict, that escalates into a big war and drags the two superpowers into an unexpected confrontation leading to the initial use of nuclear weapons." Because U.S military doctrine continues to advocate nuclear counterforce as a defense against the superiority of Soviet conventional forces, Section 4 of the proposed National Security Amendment would specifically prohibit the first use of nuclear weapons.

If restraints on the war-making powers of Congress and the President are to be truly effective, it is imperative to arrive at a new understanding of the role that we, as citizens, have to play in a system of checks and balances that now presages constitutional disaster. To expect most politicians not to advocate force in the pursuit of interests they perceive to be "vital" to national security or to U.S. credibility is to expect politics to cease to exist. As Jacobo Timerman suggests in his chronicle of Israel's invasion of Lebanon, *The Longest War*, "only we, the civilians, can guarantee peace." The only realistic alternative to the politics of gunboat diplomacy is to create new channels between individual citizens and those who wield political power. This can be done by providing a constitutional framework within which war and the preparation for war can be brought under moral and legal scrutiny by individuals acting as citizen peacekeepers.

It is not the romance of summit meetings or the text of arms control agreements that should inspire us with hope for the future of world peace but rather the power of mass movements to actualize new dimensions of legal and moral meaning. In moving from protest to policy, the great challenge to men and women of peace and vision in the United States today is to build a movement beyond arms control and beyond war, one infused with the spiritual values of nonviolence and constructed upon the legal foundations of our unique and enduring constitutional heritage. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A Woman Who Knew Latin

DAN BELLM

THE SELECTED POEMS OF ROSARIO CASTELLANOS. *Edited by Cecilia Vicuña and Magda Bogin. Translated by Magda Bogin. Graywolf Press. 105 pp. $9.50.*

MEDITATION ON THE THRESHOLD: A Bilingual Anthology of Poetry. *By Rosario Castellanos. Translated by Julian Palley. Bilingual Review Press. 176 pp. $10.*

A ROSARIO CASTELLANOS READER: An Anthology of Her Poetry, Short Fiction, Essays, and Journals. *Edited and with a critical introduction by Maureen Ahern. Translated by Maureen Ahern and others. University of Texas Press. 378 pp. $29.95. Paper $14.95.*

Mujer que sabe latín, goes an old Mexican saying, *ni tiene marido ni tiene buen fín*: A woman who knows Latin will find no husband and come to no good. Few Mexican women have so thoroughly spurned the warning as Rosario Castellanos, a poet, novelist and feminist pioneer who dissected her culture and disclosed her own heart with unsparing candor. Her influence has been immense. She insisted on making words her work—a refuge from life, a magnet for its pain, an act of liberation—and in the end she had shown the way, for the first time since Sor Juana in the seventeenth century, for other Mexican women to do the same. Predictably, male critics judged her work sentimental, bitter, domestic, *feminine*. "We were on guard in defense of our privileges," the poet José Emilio Pacheco wrote after her death in 1974. "Naturally we did not know how to read her."

Born in 1925, Castellanos grew up in Chiapas, Mexico's southernmost state, during the heady days of President Lázaro Cárdenas's land reform; as long-docile Mayan peasants rose in revolt, she watched her parents and other landowners lose their grip on centuries-old status. The young Rosario soon recognized her own secondary position: When she was 8, her brother Benjamín, the favorite, died of a sudden illness, and her parents withdrew into grief: "Your father and I love you," her mother told her, "because we're obliged to." Rosario formed her most intimate bond with her Indian nursemaid. "As a child," she later wrote, "I slept beneath the throaty lullaby/of a black dove: a conquered race."

Castellanos emerged from this somber childhood with a keen eye and an urge for justice. One led her to poetry; the other, despite her solitary nature, to increasingly public work on behalf of Indians and women. After receiving a master's degree from the National University of Mexico in 1950 with a ground-breaking thesis, "On Feminine Culture," she returned home, gave the land she inherited back to the Indians and became a cultural promoter for the state of Chiapas. She worked as a journalist and critic, a university press director, a professor of Latin American literature and, at the time of her death, as Mexico's Ambassador to Israel. She is buried—an irony that no doubt would amuse her—in the national Rotunda of Illustrious Men, in Mexico City.

Castellanos's poetry remains her most illustrious gift—vivid and startling, rooted in solitude and death but abundant with life:

> Beyond my skin, deep in
> my bones, I have loved.
> Beyond my mouth and its words,
> beyond the knot of my tormented sex.
> I will not die of sickness
> or old age, of anguish or of tiredness.
> I will die of love, surrender
> to the deepest lap.
> I will never be ashamed of these empty hands
> or of this hermetic cell they call Rosario.
> On the lips of the wind I shall be called
> a tree of many birds.

After years of unaccountable neglect, much of this abundance is suddenly available in English; three collections of Castellanos's work have appeared in the past year. Magda Bogin, translator of a stunning volume of selected poems, strongly favors (as I do) Castellanos's earlier poetry—mystical and earthy work that shows such diverse influences as Gabriela Mistral, St. John of the Cross, Emily Dickinson (whom she translated), Sor Juana and Mayan spirituality. The other two volumes—Julian Palley's poetry anthology, *Meditation on the Threshold*, and Maureen Ahern's *Rosario Castellanos Reader*, which contains poems, stories, essays and a three-act play—favor her more conversational, satiric, feminist work from the 1960s and early 1970s, as did Castellanos herself.

Among five books of fiction, Castellanos's great achievement was her poignant first novel, *Balún Canán*, translated into English and published in 1960 by Vanguard Press as *The Nine Guardians* but long out of print. Perhaps the outburst of new translations will spur a reissue of this influential classic. *The Nine Guardians* chronicles an Indian uprising in the time of Cárdenas and the death of a favored son in a family much like Castellanos's own. The novel begins and ends with her Indian *nana*, her black dove, who bequeathed her not only love but words, stories, the memory-box of a vanishing culture: "They say that in the forest there's an animal called *dzulúm*. Every night he goes prowling through his kingdom. . . . The tigers run away with a crackling of dry leaves when they smell him near. The flocks wake with a tenth of them gone, and the monkeys, shameless things, howl with fear in the treetops."

The four short stories and one novella in the *Rosario Castellanos Reader* are lesser works, but still of great interest. In "Three Knots in the Net," a small-town girl grows up in the shadow of bitter, quarreling parents, convinced she does not exist, entertaining herself by "twisting the necks of birds" and "stripping lizards of their green skin." In "Fleeting Friendships," the bored adolescent Gertrudis runs away with the first drifter who walks into her parents' store—but takes her baby sister along. Castellanos eventually felt she had exhausted "that vein of archaic provincial life," and the late story "Cooking Lesson" ventured into a new style of wicked satire: A young newlywed delivers a monologue on marriage while broiling to death her first home-cooked meal for her husband, a piece of frozen meat akin to her own body, "red, as if it were just about to start bleeding."

In poetry, too, Castellanos's sense of solitude, her own and other women's, led to the dramatic monologue form, a public voice brutally frank about private pain, a voice stripped bare. Her disas-

Dan Bellm is a writer who lives in San Francisco and is currently translating, with Stacey Ross, a collection of poems by Manilio Argueta of El Salvador.

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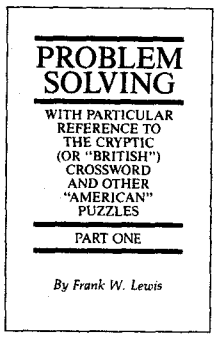
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trous marriage at 32, her two miscarriages, the birth of her son Gabriel, her divorce, an exhilarating sense late in life of "becoming what one is," all became the stuff of poetry:

> They have pierced my nocturnal water,
> my original
> silences, the first forms
> of life, the struggle,
> the broken membrane, the horror and
> the blood.
> And I, who have been a net spread in
> the deep,
> return to the surface without a fish.

Like "Cooking Lesson," a few of her poetic monologues tapped a new vein of domestic humor – the harried housewife in "Valium 10," the six nervous subjects interviewed about their sex lives in "Kinsey Report." But others, such as "Home Economics," are rather predictable tracts, and the late "Self Portrait" is annoyingly self-mocking: "I am more or less ugly. . . . I am mediocre. . . . I would be happy, if I knew how."

In a critique of her own work, included in her essay collection *Mujer que sabe latín*, Castellanos wrote, "The mechanics of my relationships with other beings . . . are neither sublime nor tragic. Perhaps, a bit ridiculous. We have to laugh. Because laughter, we already know, is the first evidence of freedom." The nearly unstageable but sporadically brilliant farce she wrote in the last year of her life – *The Eternal Feminine*, included in Ahern's *Reader* – is as close as Castellanos came to mastering this freedom to laugh. Her last three years, spent in Israel with her son, were among her happiest; if not for an absurd, untimely death by electrocution at 49, she might have charted a bold and joyful new direction. The voice she *did* master was more stoic and contemplative – a woman alone in a numinous natural world, alone with death. Castellanos herself seems to have devalued her earlier accomplishments; new freedom did not necessarily make for better poetry.

Magda Bogin concedes that she has avoided Castellanos's "most anthologized poems, generally those easiest to translate and most overtly 'feminist,'" in favor of the "subtle humor and profoundly mystical voice" found elsewhere. "It made most sense to show her at her best and leave to others the venerable task of accounting for her many facets," she writes. Julian Palley and Maureen Ahern do round out the portrait, but "venerable" is an apt word indeed for their dreary, academic approach to this magical and moving body of work. A writer who speaks with so many voices leaves ample room for interpretation, but of the three translators, only Bogin is a poet with a love of language to match Castellanos's own. Take, for instance, her simple, vigorous rendering of the first two lines of "Silence Around an Ancient Stone":

> I sit here with all my words intact,
> as if with a basket of green fruit.

Ahern's version, by comparison, is literal and flat:

> I'm a woman sitting here with all my
> words intact
> like a basket of green fruit.

Palley's is not only clumsy but inaccurate:

> I sit here with all my words, words
> that
> are impaired, intact like a basket of
> ripe fruit.

The words are not "impaired," and green fruit, of course, is not "ripe." But the real damage lies in Ahern's and Palley's deadening brand of scholarship. In a long and completely dispensable introduction to the *Rosario Castellanos Reader*, Ahern has erected a Critical Apparatus in the most forbidding sense of the term, a jargonopolis of "sign systems," "receptor texts" and "speech act situations." Read on, if you dare, past such a sentence as: "This speaking voice is a construct inferred by the reader from the signs in the textual world, as well as from her or his own extratextual set of presuppositions, brought to the act of reading." This sort of reader-hostile criticism ought to be illegal.

Julian Palley prefers Castellanos's late work, but he denigrates the early poems by stereotyping them as "feminine," fraught with "overflowing sentiment, subjectivity, a narcissistic absorption in self." His stance on what's feminist is as dubious as his view of what's feminine: "Castellanos was a feminist who did not employ the angry rhetoric that we are accustomed to hearing from some American feminists. . . . [Her] feminist protest is always ironic and for that reason more effective." And he concludes, "In the final analysis her art transcends feminism." I prefer José Emilio Pacheco's humility: We may still not know how to read her.

Fortunately, Castellanos's art is strong enough to survive assaults of pedantry, reduction to themes and statements, even ragged, unfeeling translation. And Magda Bogin's achievement raises new hope that translating poetry is not such an impossible art. "Translation is a

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writer's gamble," Bogin wrote in a recent essay, "a rope thrown to another shore. If there is any tug at all, I will be satisfied." Bogin has created not only a tug but a version of Rosario Castellanos that is fully alive in English. Happily, the original text appears on facing pages, but readers who know no Spanish will still encounter a great poet:

I can only speak of what I know.
Like Thomas my hand is deep
inside a wound. And it hurts both the
other and myself.

Cold sweat of agony!
Convulsion of nausea!

No, I don't want comfort or oblivion
or hope.

I want the courage to remain,
to not betray what is ours: this day
and the light that lets us see it whole. □

What Zen?

DAVID HINTON

TAO TE CHING. *By Lao-tzu. A New English Version by Stephen Mitchell. Harper & Row. 108 pp. $15.95.*

The news in February 1988 that Harper & Row had paid Stephen Mitchell $130,000 for a new translation of Lao-tzu's *Tao Te Ching* should have marked a minor watershed. Finally, an eminent translator and a book of poetry as difficult as it is profound were being accorded that bottom-line value previously reserved for blockbuster fiction. But the *Tao Te Ching* has always sold relatively well, as have Mitchell's earlier translations, so Harper & Row's gamble on the sales potential of a properly marketed edition was probably safer than it might seem. And with over 35,000 copies of the hardcover sold since the book's publication last October, that gamble is paying off. For our age, at least, the Mitchell translation seems already to have become the de facto standard edition of this most remarkable and mysterious book.

Perhaps the first thing to be said about this translation is that Mitchell doesn't read Chinese. However, the *Tao Te Ching* is available in a wide variety of other translations, some of which include commentaries and word-for-word equivalents to the Chinese, so an experienced translator with poetic talent and a spiritual affinity with the original should be able to produce a fine version of the book. Though he fills these qualifications, Mitchell still feels compelled to make an extraordinary claim to justify this work. He contends that his "most essential preparation" for translating the *Tao Te Ching* was a fourteen-year study of Zen "which brought me face to face with Lao-tzu and his true disciples and heirs, the early Chinese Zen Masters." Though we may speak of Lao-tzu as an actual person (the *Tao Te Ching* is probably a compilation of fragments from various contemporary sources), no direct lineage connects him to the early Zen masters. Nevertheless, Mitchell has apparently concluded that since he has met Lao-tzu "face to face," and so received "the transmission of mind," he is capturing the essence of Lao-tzu for our time whether he translates a line literally or replaces it with one of his own.

This may make for good Zen, but it does not make for good translation. Indeed, it has led him to such wholesale rewriting of the original that it can hardly be considered the same book. By my rough count, in the course of translating the *Tao Te Ching*'s eighty-one short chapters (approximately 975 lines), Mitchell has rewritten about 150 lines so radically that they bear virtually no relation to the original. He has eliminated 205 of the original lines, and about 170 lines in Mitchell's *Tao Te Ching* have been invented out of thin air. Sometimes the inventions replace lines Mitchell has deleted. Sometimes they are simply added to what was already there. In either case, they correspond to nothing whatsoever in the text, except that they come from somewhere in the Taoist/Zen spiritual ballpark. Mitchell gives an additional rationale for this procedure in a note to chapter fifty, which he has entirely replaced with his own "improvisations on the passage's theme." There he explains that parts of the *Tao Te Ching* are the work of "a much narrower consciousness," and that he could not therefore "in good conscience include them in this version."

The *Tao Te Ching* is highly philosophical poetry, and accurate translation of its basic concepts, elusive though they may be, is essential to its success. But Mitchell has made little attempt to translate even the book's central term, "tao," in a consistent way. He uses it not only when it occurs in the original but also to translate such words and phrases as "heaven and earth," "the space between heaven and earth," "the valley spirit," "one," "mother of the earth" and, most surprising of all, "te," the term contrasted with tao in the book's title. This title could be translated as "The Classic (*Ching*) of the Way (*Tao*) and its Manifestation as Nature (*Te*)." Indeed, the *Tao Te Ching* originally bore two titles, one for each of its two books: *Tao Ching* and *Te Ching*. One example of how Mitchell conflates the two concepts is in chapter fifty-one, where his "The Tao gives birth to all beings,/nourishes them, maintains them" should read something like: "The Tao gives birth to all things./Te nurtures them, cares for them." Where Mitchell doesn't simply replace te with tao he either leaves the passage untranslated or rewrites it extensively, leaving the concept of te out. Hence, he has completely eliminated te from the text.

Mitchell insists his translation should be read as English poetry that re-creates the spirit of the original, and it does have its successful moments on those terms (for example, chapters eleven and seventy-one). But even if we ignore the flagrant misrepresentations of the original and consider the passages that might be called "loose" or "literary" translation, we need go no further than the first chapter to find that Mitchell's work misrepresents the spirit of the original as well. Here, Lao-tzu's

The nameless is the beginning of
heaven and earth.
The named is the mother of the ten
thousand things.

becomes, in Mitchell's scheme of things:

The unnamable is the eternally real.
Naming is the origin
of all particular things.

Mitchell's assertions are entirely different philosophically from their counterparts in the text. The second sentence, in which Mitchell places the linguistic human at the center of the empirical universe, is quite foreign to the spirit of Lao-tzu, as is the implied hierarchy of eternal reality over (fleeting) particularity. This hierarchy is developed in Mitchell's next stanza, its terms transposed:

Free from desire, you realize the
mystery.
Caught in desire, you see only the
manifestations.

This is the dreary and all too familiar mon-

David Hinton's translation of The Selected Poems of Tu Fu *was recently published by New Directions.*

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astic principle. But there is no "caught" and no "only" in the original:

> Always desireless, one sees its mystery.
> Always desiring, one sees its manifestations.

Mitchell's rendering loses the amplitude of Lao-tzu, for whom desire and desirelessness can both be cultivated as part of living with the tao, because mystery and manifestation together make up the tao.

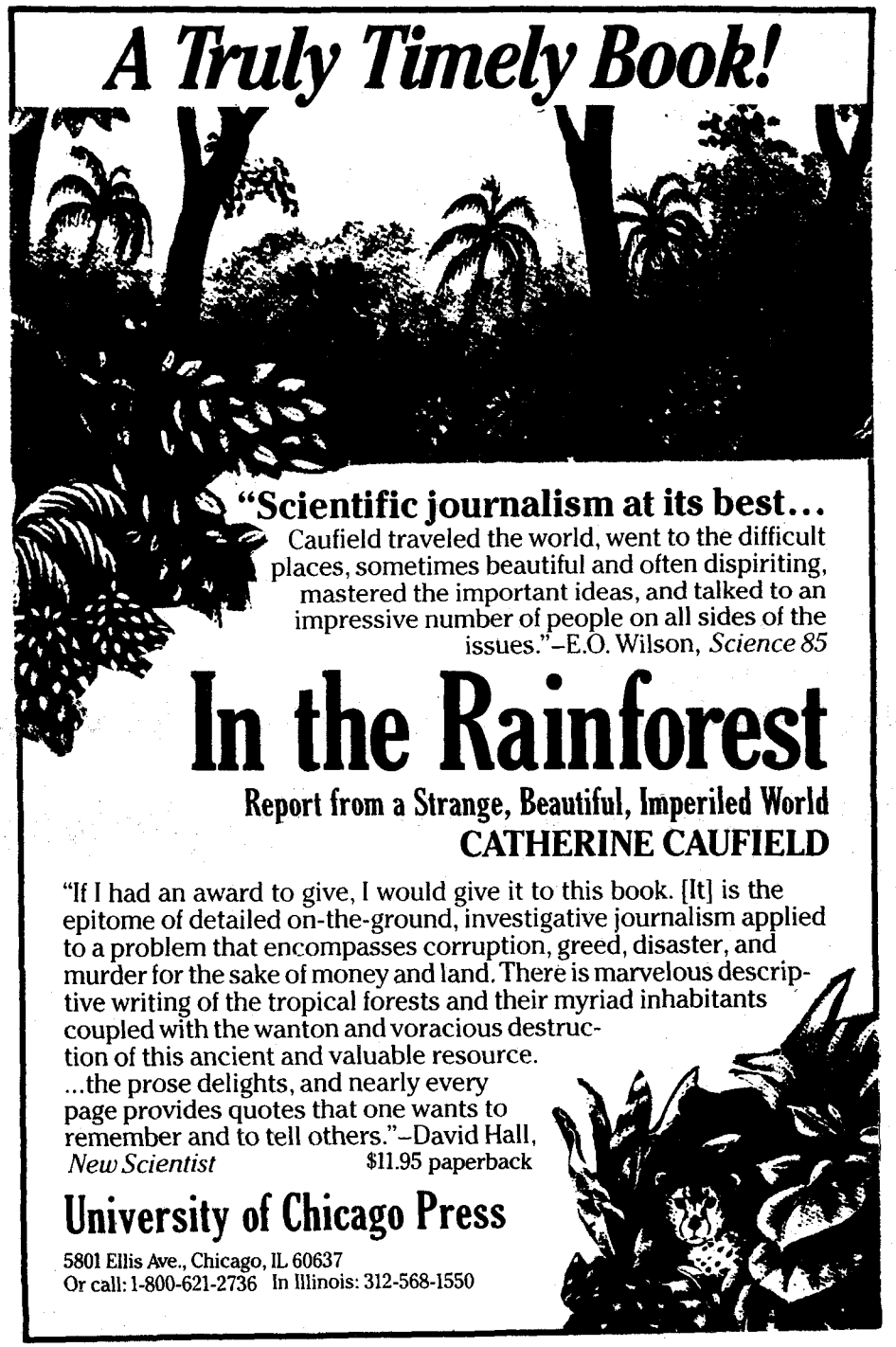
The general effect of Mitchell's translation is a simplified and domesticated *Tao Te Ching*. In editing out its quirky and fragmentary character, Mitchell blurs the differences, which are clear in the original, between the very tight poetic passages and the more relaxed prose passages. His language steers a middle course between the two, and frequently stoops to such clichés as, "lose touch with who you are" and "look inside your heart." Indeed, the book is imbued with the New Age sentiment of self-help spirituality, the result of Mitchell's attempt to make the *Tao Te Ching* into a readily accessible Zen text. But it isn't Zen, nor is it readily accessible. For that matter, neither are the great Zen texts known for their accessibility.

In the notes, Mitchell's folksy California Zen commentaries contribute to this popularization. But as I read them, my bemusement gave way to a kind of vertigo when I realized he had written commentaries on those very passages that he himself had invented. By this remarkable formal feat, he is no longer the wise translator/commentator helping us with Lao-tzu's wisdom; he has become Lao-tzu himself! One example is in chapter forty-six, which Mitchell has made into an antinuke polemic, complete with "warheads . . . stockpiled outside the cities." Here, Mitchell comments on his own phrase—"Whoever can see through all fear/will always be safe"—thus: "This is the only *real* defense. President Roosevelt said, 'We have nothing to fear but fear itself.' I would say, 'Not even that.'" It might be worth noting that Roosevelt said this in 1933 when he was trying to mobilize people against the Depression, not for war. But I suppose Mitchell's crowning moment comes in chapter fifty, where lines of his own invention are honored with commentary by Zen master Seung Sahn.

For those who can do without such virtuosity, I recommend the translation by Gia-fu Feng (Vintage). It is one of the most satisfying poetic translations from classical Chinese and shouldn't be missed, in spite of its coffee-table format. And D.C. Lau's edition (Penguin) is a fine scholarly translation. Both are widely available.

Mitchell's translation is clearly intended for the novice in Eastern thought, one looking for a relaxed smorgasbord of Taoism and Zen (with a comforting sprinkling of Christianity), and perhaps in this respect the book has a genuine contribution to make. Because the book has sold so well in cloth, plans are afoot to postpone the paperback; those of more modest means will have to wait for a more affordable edition. The well-heeled who are not satisfied with the hardcover (complete with elegant "Bible ribbon") can look forward to the deluxe $25 edition planned for Christmas. And for those who are too busy to read the book, a cassette tape is available, so Lao-tzu's insights can be enjoyed while commuting to the office.

In the end, it's hard to believe a translator of Mitchell's stature could be in earnest about a piece of work like this. At the conclusion of the acknowledgments, in the last sentence of the book, he offers his "deep gratitude to that prince among agents, my friend Michael Katz." You can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hear laughter in that all the way to the bank. It seems Mitchell's translation may embody one timeless truth in a way that is particularly relevant to our Reaganized age: He who laughs last laughs best. But then, Lao-tzu wasn't completely ignorant of such things: "Without that laughter, it wouldn't be the tao." □

How We Went Wrong

STEPHEN STEINBERG

MORE LIKE US: Making America Great Again. *By James Fallows. Houghton Mifflin. 245 pp. $18.95.*

Myth has it that Rome rotted from within, a victim of its own profligacy and decadence. Only then did it fall prey to the barbarians, those racial outsiders who gradually swept over the enfeebled empire and finally descended on the city itself. In *More Like Us* James Fallows, Washington editor of *The Atlantic*, spins a similar myth about the United States. He has not troubled himself with those ponderous academic works arguing that Japan's ascendancy and America's decline are part of a historic restructuring of the global economic order that has progressed slowly but inexorably since the end of World War II. Instead, Fallows resolved to "see for himself." He took up residence in a suburb of Tokyo for two years with his wife and children, schmoozed over drinks with Japanese businessmen and otherwise observed Japanese life and culture. From this vantage point, he also tried to discern what has gone wrong with America.

Fallows's message is that we should not emulate the Japanese. His Japan is a static society rooted in stultifying tradition, obsessively conformist, politically corrupt and ethnocentric in the extreme. He is especially critical of Japan's racial exclusivity, manifested in the unabashed mistreatment of its Korean minority and in its steadfast refusal to admit immigrants (not even Vietnamese refugees from a war waged in part to protect Japan from "Chinese expansionism"). When then Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone opined that America's racial hodgepodge is responsible for many of its problems, he was expressing a belief that is held almost universally among the Japanese. Fallows is unequivocal in saying that "the racial-purity fetish is the ugliest thing about Japan." He also conveys his distaste for the sexist practices that pervade both the home and workplace.

Fallows's America, on the other hand, is striking for its diversity, openness, vitality and unpredictability. If America has "a way of life," it is one of ceaseless change. Like Fallows's own father, we have the opportunity to pull up roots and migrate to Southern California or some other place that allows people to invent new lives. As he discovered from personal experience, America is a country where the son of a California doctor who has never played lacrosse or heard of *The Partisan Review* can cross "the great divide" into Harvard University and beat out the hotshots from Groton, Dalton and Great Neck South. Against such adversities, one can better understand his paean to America.

Through Fallows's prism Japan and the United States appear as mirror images of each other. The Japanese know their place; the peculiar American virtue is not knowing one's place. The Japanese observe their manners; Americans have an endearing lack of refinement. Japan's genius is in organizing people to succeed; ours is in getting out of their way, thus allowing them to succeed. What works for them would not work for us, and vice versa. Lurking behind this is a dubious theory of history. According to Fallows, each people has a national spirit—or, as he might have said, a *Zeitgeist*—that serves as its guiding light. Conversely, "any country will have trouble if its guiding idea is damaged or changed." This is why it would be futile to imitate the Japanese. We need only to be "more like us"—that is, to reclaim our waning cultural heritage. This is Fallows's reassuring formula for "Making America Great Again."

Fallows did not arrive at this wisdom solely on the basis of his meanderings in Japan. Among the intellectual baggage that he carried with him were books that he had read while a student of economic development at Harvard in the late 1960s. These writers (Gunnar Myrdal and David McClelland are two that are quoted at length) attributed underdevelopment in the Third World not to subjugation and plunder on the part of erstwhile colonial masters but to these nations' own ingrained resistance to science, rationality and other aspects of "Western" culture. Fallows does not stop to ask how an Asian country came to outdo the West at its own game, or how two industrial giants can have cultures that, by his own account, are so antithetical. Nor does he explain how America lost its cultural magic. He only issues an admonition, with allusions to Pearl Harbor, that "it is time to acknowledge a cultural danger now."

What accounts for changes in culture? This is the critical question that Fallows evades throughout his book. What we are left with is a simplistic determinism whereby culture is posited as the key factor in the rise and fall of empires, but is itself unexplained. Does Fallows really believe that Japan made the transition from cheap knickknacks to high technology by changing its underlying culture? Or that the United States can correct its trade imbalance and other economic troubles by reclaiming a cultural heritage that supposedly existed "when America was . . . the Japan of the world"?

If Fallows's cultural determinism is irrelevant to explaining America's ebbing power in a changing international order, it takes a perverse turn when applied to inequalities within the United States. For Fallows the black underclass is a prime example of "what happens to America when people feel they can't change." But where do such "feelings" come from? Wholly ignorant of the debates that have raged among scholars for more than two decades, Fallows asserts that blacks are saddled with a culture left over from slavery, one that "still leaves people feeling trapped and helpless." Convinced that they cannot rise, blacks languish on the bottom of an otherwise open society.

According to Fallows, the success that recent immigrants from Asia and the West Indies have enjoyed proves that racism alone cannot explain the black underclass. Here Fallows, like Thomas Sowell and others, falls into the trap of making specious comparisons between African-Americans and nonwhite immigrants. These new arrivals bear little resemblance to "the huddled masses" of the past or "the wretched refuse" of our own teeming ghettos. Large numbers of the Asians who have entered the country since the 1965 immigration reform are professionals or other highly educated and skilled workers. Those who lack ed-

Stephen Steinberg teaches urban studies and sociology at Queens College and the CUNY Graduate Center. An expanded and updated edition of his book The Ethnic Myth *will be published by Beacon Press this summer.*

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ucation and skills are among the poorest and most exploited workers in our society; their children are not the ones turning up among the finalists of the Westinghouse science contest. In the case of West Indians, too, "success" is largely the result of premigration factors. Those West Indians who lack education and skills upon their arrival suffer all the disabilities of race and class.

Fallows's error—and it is not his alone—is to minimize the significance of racism, which is especially pronounced in the very job sectors that have provided opportunity to millions of recent immigrants. If ghetto blacks feel trapped and helpless, this is not a cultural residue of slavery but a direct response to the adversities and privations that they experience in their everyday lives. It is not that Fallows is unsympathetic to blacks or other groups left out of the American dream. On the contrary, his moral impulse throughout the book is to create a renewed sense of possibility. As he writes, "To make America as productive, happy, and decent as it can be, we need to remove the barriers that keep people from imagining and making new places for themselves."

This bromide is not politically innocent, however. In his concluding chapter, Fallows, who was President Jimmy Carter's chief speechwriter between 1977 and 1979, offers some practical suggestions for "the reopening of America." At the top of his policy agenda is the national debt, which "reduces our choices and limits our freedom in the long run." Since he believes that the chief cause of debt is entitlement spending, he proposes to shift from entitlement to "insurance" by taxing Social Security benefits and raising the retirement age. Next, we have to deal with "the legacy of slavery"—not, however, by attacking institutionalized racism or by expanding affirmative action. Rather, Fallows proposes to tie welfare to work, although unlike conservatives, he is willing to create public-sector jobs as a last resort. He also proposes to do away with third-rate schools by bringing in strong principals and instituting a voucher system. Finally, Fallows wants to eliminate the phony credentialism that, he says, reduces competition and limits access to professions like nursing and teaching. Like the American Indians who revived the ghost dance to bring back a bygone era, Fallows looks to Ben Franklin's homilies and Adam Smith's economics to restore America's waning empire.

Unfortunately, in his apotheosis of American society Fallows does not confront the most important implication of his own analysis. If this nation failed to resolve its deep divisions of race and class in an era of empire, what can we hope for in an era of decline? □

Lyndon Who?

DAVID CORN

LYNDON LaROUCHE AND THE NEW AMERICAN FASCISM. *By Dennis King. Doubleday. 415 pp. $19.95.*

Every four years a fellow appears on network television babbling about Queen Elizabeth's involvement in the drug trade, the international conspiracy run by Henry Kissinger and the K.G.B. contacts of Walter Mondale. He looks like he believes what he's saying. But his remarks leave viewers wondering: How much of a loon is this Lyndon LaRouche Jr.? It's a fair question. Does LaRouche deserve to be taken seriously, especially now that he's doing fifteen years in Federal prison for mail fraud and conspiracy to defraud the I.R.S.? If he is merely a loon who managed to attract a small cadre of similarly off-kilter souls, we don't have to worry. The burden that Dennis King has assumed as LaRouche's biographer is demonstrating that his subject is more than just a nut, that he indeed represents, as his book's title claims, a "new American fascism."

Anyone who starts to examine the misdeeds of LaRouche discovers King's phone number. A few years ago, I did. Within moments of exchanging greetings, I realized that King is among that special breed of reporters and researchers who know more about their subject than anyone else does. LaRouche has been King's obsession. There is no one better equipped to pierce LaRouche's weird world—where anti-Semites, self-styled spooks, labor thugs, former radical Marxists, con artists and a host of oddballs rub elbows while playing bizarre games of intrigue.

King does a first-rate job of tracing LaRouche's development. LaRouche was born in Rochester, New Hampshire, the son of French-Canadian immigrants. His parents were fundamentalist Quakers who accused their co-religionists of closet Bolshevism and financial embezzlement. Under a pseudonym, Lyndon LaRouche Sr. wrote an abusive, rambling tract packed with conspiratorial notions, which berated liberal Quakers for a variety of crimes, including the failure to respond positively to an anti-Jewish speech. He was forced out of the Lynn, Massachusetts meeting, and his wife and son resigned in protest.

LaRouche the younger entered the Army in 1944, after spending a year in a camp for conscientious objectors. He returned from his service in the China-Burma-India theater a Trotskyist. He joined the Socialist Workers Party in 1948 and embarked on a career of political sectarianism—the ins and outs of which King documents quite thoroughly. At the same time, LaRouche maintained a successful career in management consulting, actually helping corporations to reduce labor costs. In 1968, as a teacher of Marxism at a Columbia University fraternity turned liberation school, LaRouche attracted a group of student rebels who fancied his rigorous and demanding interpretations of Marxist texts. He came to lead a splinter group of the Students for a Democratic Society. By 1973, under the banner of the National Caucus of Labor Committees, he had collected more than 600 disciples in twenty-five cities. He also had a small following in Europe.

With the N.C.L.C., LaRouche swerved to the far right, as his Marxism became subjugated to a politics of paranoia. King very ably offers a detailed road map into the dense fantasies and doctrines of LaRouche, who produced "a conspiracy theory of politics quite different from anything in the Marxist tradition." In essence, the Rockefellers, through their control of the Central Intelligence Agency and other instruments, were running the planet and plotting nuclear holocaust. It was up to LaRouche to save the globe. In later years LaRouche's conspiracy would take on various convoluted shapes, often anti-Semitic. But the tone remained the same: The world was threatened by a small cabal of evil-doers that could only be thwarted by LaRouche and his adherents. Indeed, the struggle was "3,000 years old," pitting "Neo-Platonic humanists" (LaRouchians) against the "oligarchy" (Jews and others). The message was cloaked in sophisticated-sounding ideological terms that were constantly

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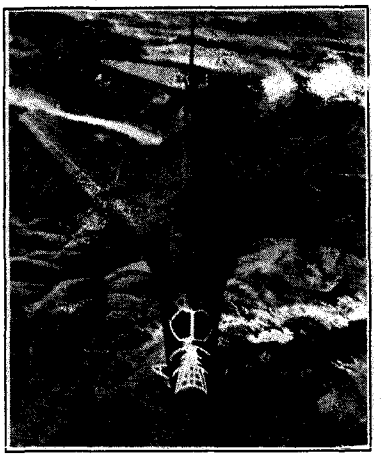
reframed depending on exigencies. But at its heart was fascism. "It is not necessary to call oneself a fascist," LaRouche observed in 1978. "It is simply necessary to be one."

Just what was it that attracted people to LaRouche's political cult? And what kept them there? In 1973, when the N.C.L.C. and the Communist Party clashed over organizing strategies, LaRouche ordered his followers to attack physically the members of rival political sects, and they obeyed. "I pissed blood for a month," one female N.C.L.C. member said, recalling the effects of one such assault. Those who began to doubt were subjected to what LaRouche calls "ego-stripping" sessions, which were brutal. By King's account, the tactic worked. Clearly King has spoken to numerous defectors. But he never fully captures what propelled them toward LaRouche. Given King's utterly thorough researches, this failure is the book's greatest frustration.

King returns to solid ground when he examines those mainstream politicians and policy-makers who formed alliances with the hate-monger, either accidentally or by design. In 1984 two Pentagon officials addressed a LaRouche rally in Virginia. A Defense Department spokesman noted at the time that the Pentagon regarded LaRouche's group, an early advocate of the Strategic Defense Initiative, as a "conservative group . . . very supportive of the administration." During the first term of the Reagan Administration, several members of the National Security Council met with LaRouche. When these meetings became public, the White House would not repudiate LaRouche. Spokesman Larry Speakes blathered that the Administration was "glad to talk to" all sorts of American citizens, including LaRouche.

In fact, the G.O.P. and LaRouche went back several years. On election eve in 1976, LaRouche aired one of his rambling half-hour speeches, viciously attacking Jimmy Carter on NBC. The money for this ad, the N.C.L.C. maintained, came in part from a group of conservative Republican businessmen. After the election, Ed Mahe, head of the Republican National Committee, worked with LaRouchians in their effort to challenge election returns on the ground of vote fraud. To the right, LaRouche has long been a useful fascist—perhaps never more so than last summer, when his agents planted the rumor that Michael Dukakis was mentally unbalanced.

Perhaps the most cynical alliance with



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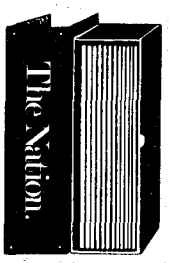

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LaRouche was forged by that crusader for freedom Mayor Edward Koch of New York, who is usually quick to spot anti-Semitism. In 1981, when Koch was being challenged by liberal Assemblyman Frank Barbaro, the Mayor encouraged the participation of a LaRouche candidate, Melvin Klenetsky, in public forums and debates. Koch's aim was to prevent Barbaro from confronting him one on one. Koch was also helped by Klenetsky's virulent Red-baiting of Barbaro. "Klenetsky, he's not as bad as his rhetoric," Koch said—this of a top lieutenant of an extremist, anti-Semitic organization.

In reporting all these episodes, King ends up revealing more about LaRouche's partners than the man and his flock. The fundamental mystery remains: Who the hell are they? LaRouche and his band, who even developed their own intricate intelligence service, were very effective in slipping into the political system. They fielded candidates in elections across the country, collected $1.7 million in Federal matching funds (that's taxpayer dollars) for LaRouche's presidential bids and convinced 2 million California voters to support a ballot initiative calling for the quarantining of AIDS patients. They stole more than $200 million, much of it through credit card and loan fraud, before the Feds finally nailed them.

Is LaRouche's current residence in the joint evidence that the system works? King, who with good reason believes we have not seen the last of the LaRouchians, argues persuasively that the powers that be turned a blind eye to LaRouche for too long, and that this neglect—either benign or malign—is worrisome. Imagine the outcry if a David Duke or a Louis Farrakhan had gotten as far as LaRouche did. King shows that it took the 1986 Democratic primary in Illinois—when two LaRouchians beat out the "real" Democrats—to wake most of the media, the Democratic Party and others. King's message, which rings true, is that a democratic system has to be ever alert and ready to confront all strains of fascism, even those that appear too nutty to worry about. □

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MUSIC.

EDWARD W. SAID

Extreme Occasions

The two-hour classical concert performance has solidified into an unchangeable commodity, bought and sold by managers, performers and audiences alike. One reason for this development is that the performance and composition of music have been severed from each other almost completely. Since Georges Enesco, Sergei Rachmaninoff and Ferruccio Benvenuto Busoni earlier this century, the performer has become a specialist only in performing, the composer only in composing (although composition has become even more specialized, confined by and large to a comparatively small, often academic audience). Pierre Boulez and Leonard Bernstein are the only two major performers today who are also recognized composers, but it is not as performers of their own music that either of them made his career. The mass public spectacle is therefore pure performance, governed by a fairly rigid set of rules and rituals.

Carnegie Hall remains one of the best places in the United States to witness performances at a fairly high level of competence—and, alas, routine. So all-encompassing is the performance regime—it covers dress, program, physical deportment, style of playing, audience behavior, ticket prices, type of performance, identity of performer—that one can observe, I believe, a correlation between the genuine merit of the performance and the performer's comfort. The higher the level of the performer's excellence, the greater his or her dissatisfaction with the occasion. For the most unusual musicians, the performance occasion, although more or less a given in advance, furnishes an opportunity to push against, assault, expand or otherwise change its tyrannical limits and protocols. The least interesting work is almost always provided by musicians who passively accept the unnatural confines of the two-hour performance, and operate within them uncomplainingly.

This is why the visit to Carnegie Hall of Sergiu Celibidache and the Munich Philharmonic was so extreme an experience for a New York audience accustomed to accomplished but relentlessly unvaried performances of the great eighteenth- and nineteenth-century orchestral classics. Celibidache is now 76, a Rumanian eccentric who has been loitering on the fringes of the concert world since a brief career of some prominence with the Berlin Philharmonic right after World War II. Requiring five times more rehearsal time than any orchestra has been willing to provide, he has also refused to make recordings on the ground that mechanical reproduction bears no significant resemblance to the act of interpreting music. This, he contends, occurs with an inevitability and metaphysical rightness—the music, he has said, is *there*—only possible once, in the concert hall. In addition, Celibidache is known for extraordinarily slow tempos, as evidenced by the performance of the Bruckner Fourth Symphony I attended at Carnegie Hall on April 22. The Bruckner Fourth is never scheduled as the only piece on the program because it is approximately an hour long, but that was the only work that Celibidache offered.

It was certainly unlike most other musical performances I have heard—richer in many ways, more detailed, leisurely, plotted, planned, extended. Bruckner's symphonies rely on sheer length and inordinate repetition for their aesthetic effect; indeed, Bruckner's innovation as a symphonist was that he made size an integral, rather than an incidental or formal, aspect of the work's musical content. This Celibidache underscored with astonishing perseverance and, I think, effect. It was as if he had refused the forward logic of sonata form as it was forged during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and decided instead to see music as an essentially lateral, exfoliating fabric, unfolding with infinite leisure rather than developing in time. You often experience the music in what seems to be an unnaturally slowed-down

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and gigantically distended passage of time, but Celibidache's Bruckner never failed to grip me totally, render me completely attentive and persuade me that the music was, in fact, there. I can no longer imagine Bruckner performed any other way, even though as I recall sections of each of the symphony's four movements I hear them separately and discretely, rather than connected in a continuous line. That is a disability or dysfunction in my memory, however, and not, as some critics have argued, a failure in Celibidache's conception: At the time, I *was* convinced. Paradoxically, I don't remember that Celibidache's rhetorical impulse flagged at all, or that what he delivered was only a disconnected set of beautiful, if drawn out, sounds. Celibidache's orchestra was perfectly adequate to his design, with a particularly impressive performance by the solo horn, which plays the major role in the symphony.

This was not all, however. Celibidache's conception included immense pauses between the movements, so that by the end of the evening the Bruckner Fourth had been stretched to about an hour and twenty minutes. Add to that his extremely slow and deliberate walk to and from the podium, the courtly and deliberate manner in which he and the orchestra take curtain calls (first he signals the horns to stand, then the flutes, then horns and flutes together, then trumpets, then trombones, then horns, flutes, trumpets, trombones, and so on) and you have a complete two-hour evening. The point in all this, I think, is to force the boundaries of the performance occasion, and to transform it into something more focused and thought-through. One has the impression that Celibidache's is a continuously worked-out performance encompassing and welding together musical and performance duration, and this, I believe, makes for an extraordinarily interesting transfiguration of time.

Performance thus becomes an inclusive and highly self-dramatizing phenomenon, not just a two-hour period that frames a ritual of virtuosity and applause. The more one looks at contemporary musical performance the more one notes that by far the most arrestingly brilliant performers are the ones who have self-consciously gone over, worked through, incorporated the empty stretches of the two-hour interval in ways that draw attention to it. This is not really an enormous accomplishment, but it testifies at least to the performer's intelligence and will, neither of which is in very great supply these days. And in some instances—Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, Sviatoslav Richter, the late Glenn Gould, Horowitz during the 1950s and early 1960s—so powerful is the tension between performer and performance time that the virtuoso simply quits performing altogether. It's as if he or she no longer can accept domination by the formalistic reification provided by the concert occasion.

What makes far too many musicians uninteresting is that their playing merely conforms to what is automatically offered by the concert episode itself: a stage, an instrument, performance, applause, various monetary and social rewards. Take Murray Perahia, who used to be a very fine pianist. At Carnegie Hall on April 10 he played one of the most boring and safe recitals on record. He was like the votary of an unknown cult coming to an altar decorated like a nineteenth-century ballroom, surrounded by admiring people dressed up like admiring people. His Beethoven was too academic and cautious, his Rachmaninoff like a parody of Rachmaninoff, his Liszt too loud and arid for his essentially miniaturist technique. The coarseness that has defaced his tone now seems to be a permanent feature of his style.

But at least here and there one can hear traces in Perahia's playing of what was once an agreeable idiom: not so with the lamentable André Watts, who was incongruously matched with the excellent Leipzig Gerwandhaus Orchestra under Kurt Masur, a good but far from great German conductor. At Carnegie Hall Watts performed three of the Beethoven concertos, of which I heard only the second, on April 14. Watts clearly fancies himself a very stylish man, but the phrase that echoed through my mind as I sat through his effortless athleticism was "meaningless fluency." Watts is one of the few performers whose technique and apparent popularity keep provoking the question, Why does he play the piano? So utterly pointless does the whole exercise seem, so without thought or even care, so without statement or plan is his playing.

Pianists far exceed any other instrumental soloists in number, which is why there are fewer compelling performers among them. Watts and Perahia are thus a kind of norm—a more or less constant low point, generous with physical prowess, parsimonious with the sort of performance delivered by Celibidache. For this reason, the virtues of Maurizio Pollini seem quite stunning. A little distracted and quizzical in appearance, Pollini gal-

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lops out on the stage, sits at the edge of the piano bench and proceeds to push and pull the two hours at his disposal with greater and greater, more and more improbable intensity. In the second of his two Carnegie recitals, on March 14, he began with Brahms's Opus 119 (a group of intermezzos and the E flat major "Rhapsody"), went on to sets of Schönberg and Stockhausen *Klavierstücke* (as if plotting the fortunes of Austro-German Romanticism from tonalism to post-tonalism) and concluded with a hair-raising performance of the Beethoven "Hammerklavier," rendered more diabolically and yet plainly than I have ever heard—the final unplayable fugue especially. The fugue is, by any standard, the ultimate Pollini piece. Pollini's virtuosity is more like Swift's, say, than Johnson's: It keeps building through climax after climax without any effort at modulation or palliation, and keeps getting simpler and more powerful in vocabulary at the same time. I was also especially impressed by Pollini's interpretation of the slow movement, which is often allowed to slide off into an early version of a Chopin nocturne whose idiom is often startlingly predicted by Beethoven. Pollini read the movement as part of his relentless teleological impulse—that is, as a prologue to the fugue—and it worked.

Pollini's major competitor is Alfred Brendel, who performed at Carnegie Hall a short time before his Italian rival. Brendel's distinction is that he has laid claim to the chair vacated by Artur Schnabel, although in fact his repertory is slightly more varied (Brendel still schedules some Liszt and Schumann along with the inevitable Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert). Like Pollini, Celibidache, Gould, Michelangeli and Richter (who has returned to performing in Europe but insists on darkening the hall and stage except for a tiny reading lamp over the keyboard, above which, unlike any other major performer today, he props a score), Brendel doesn't seem especially at ease during the performance. His playing has never seemed to me really attractive: It doesn't drive off the competition as Pollini's does. Brendel is a decent, earnest pianist, much admired by literary people for his seriousness and apparent intelligence, unusual among touring virtuosos, but he isn't theatrically exciting.

In the narrow world of recital programs, however, Brendel makes his effect through his choice of works, and the way he plays them against each other, dialectically and critically. (As a clue to the way he plays, see his essay on Schubert's last sonatas in *The New York Review of Books* for February 2, in which his main interest is how the three works interact with one another.) At his February 12 recital in Carnegie Hall, Brendel performed four sets of themes and variations: Mozart's group on "M. Duport's Minuet"; Brahms's transcription of the second movement of the Opus 18 string sextet; Liszt's variations on Bach's "Weinen Klagen Sorgen Zagen"; and Beethoven's "Diabelli" variations. Because the variation form is essentially digressive and relational, unlike classical sonatas, which are dramatic and developmental, Brendel afforded a view of the four works that seemed to stretch outward rather than press forward relentlessly inside the program's framework. The "Diabelli" was superbly performed, as if a test of the pianist's skill against Beethoven's obduracy and wit as he spins more and more material out of the silly little waltz theme. Brendel's playing was notably fleet and economical, more of a distillation than an affirmation, and curiously unassertive as a result. The oddest thing was that, unlike Pollini's "Hammerklavier," Brendel's "Diabelli" went out of its way not to make a statement about Beethoven's late style, a novel approach to that extremely portentous music. Although I was aesthetically dissatisfied, I found myself admiring the lengths to which Brendel goes in fighting against the grain. □

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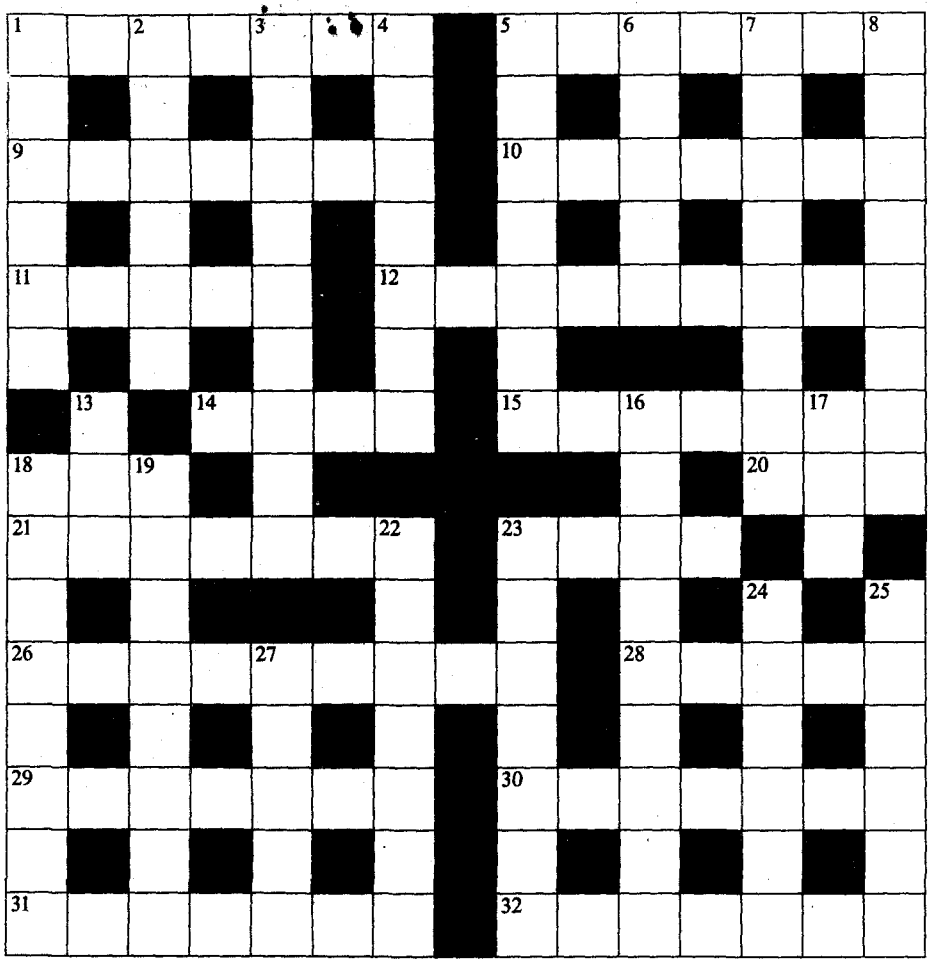

ACROSS

1 One of those messes some people make, with just a lazy gait. (7)
5 One who applauds the ring-producer? (7)
9 A good old scout who evidently put something across. (7)
10 Prepared to pass on a way to get written information on it. (7)
11 Steal out of it with the smallest possible thing. (5)
12 In a manner of speaking, mother's environment doesn't make sense. (9)
14 and 23 across Notorious example of jingoistic speech? (8)
15 Fold at the nape of the neck. (7)
18 7 down, perhaps, sometimes said to be long. (3)
20 It might hamper the inspiration to produce something funny. (3)
21 More than one "Johnny" returns to the South, coming from North Africa. (7)
23 See 14
26 Publicans never star in such a production. (9)
28 Is one's office elective? (5)
29 Set operated in the wrong gear. (7)
30 and 13 down Fought to get something of mine, the crazy old tree bat! (10)
31 Makes three times as much as certain singers! (7)
32 The basic thing that keeps the French moving? (7)

DOWN

1 If it isn't in the subtitle, it might be eluding perception. (6)
2 Not a single one embarked, as they said in the old ditty. (6)
3 A trifling game, but there's something pretty French about the gangster's weapon! (9)
4 Engrain a sort of it, as the deserving type might be doing. (7)
5 We often hear of such an arrest when the C.I.A. wrongfully follows part of the pack. (7)
6 Set on retirement? (5)
7 See 18 down
8 Lessening the circle around the broken-down Fascist leader? (8)
13 See 30 across
16 A small hotel has eggs set up, and introduces something new. (9)
17 Leaves like this in the army, implying a major distinction. (3)
18 and 7 down Someone might break into the gallery to do so, which certain people find hard to understand. (8,8)
19 A rising form of 7 and poetry to come across. (8)
22 The German has a look around, since they might be responsible for what crops up later on. (7)
23 One might consider this ludicrous! (7)
24 Lest no possible difficulty arise, things could be taken to be so. (6)
25 A wild bird the French might be attached to a bit. (6)
27 Some of the children always get it about the kidneys. (5)

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